Saturday Review

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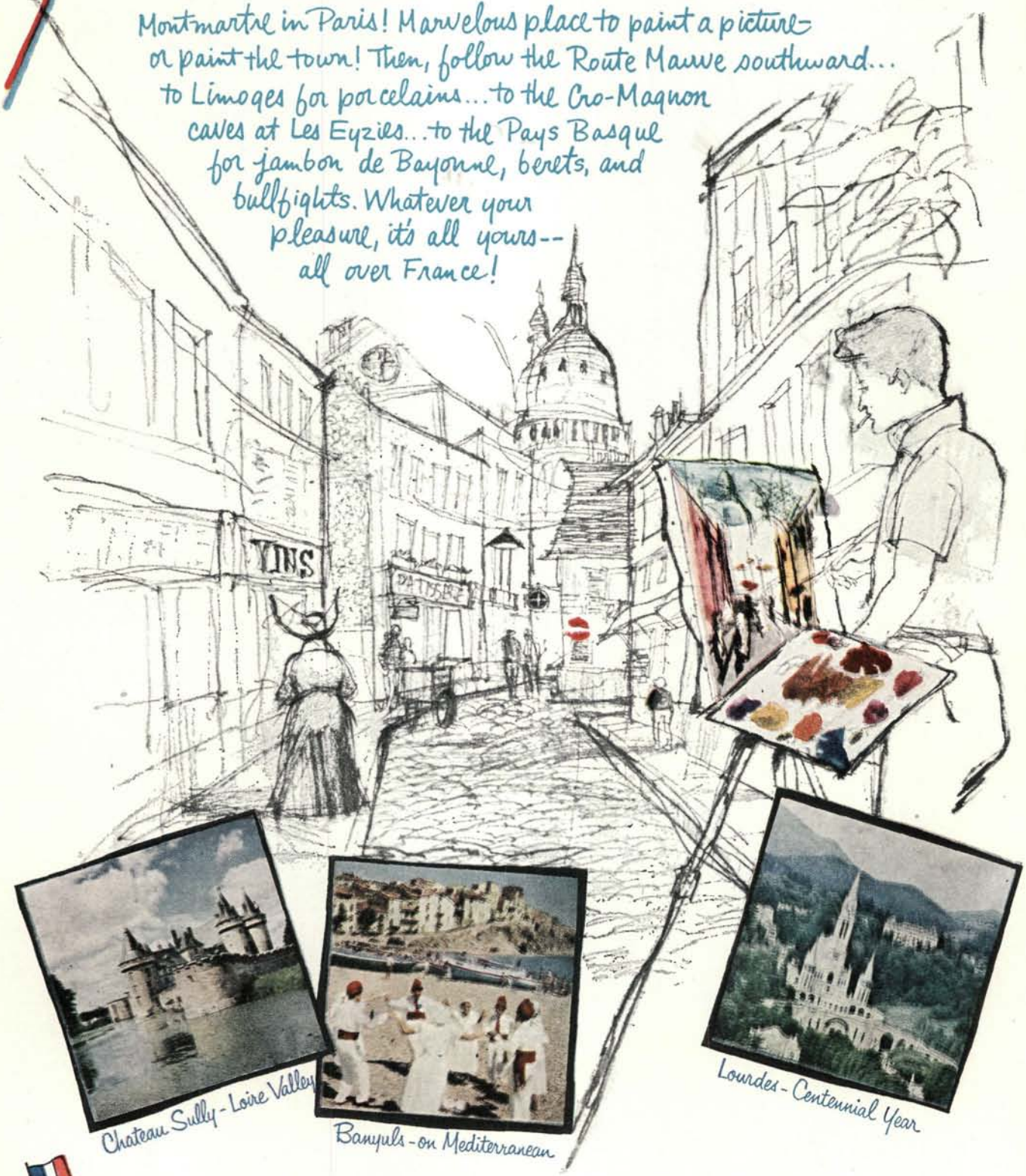

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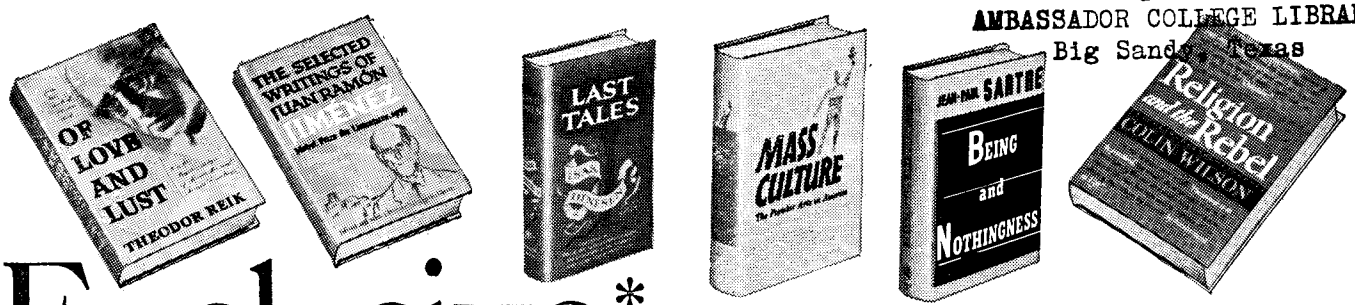

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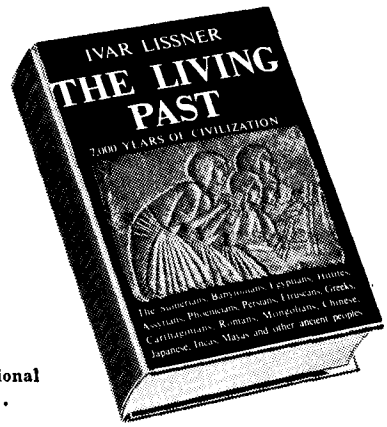

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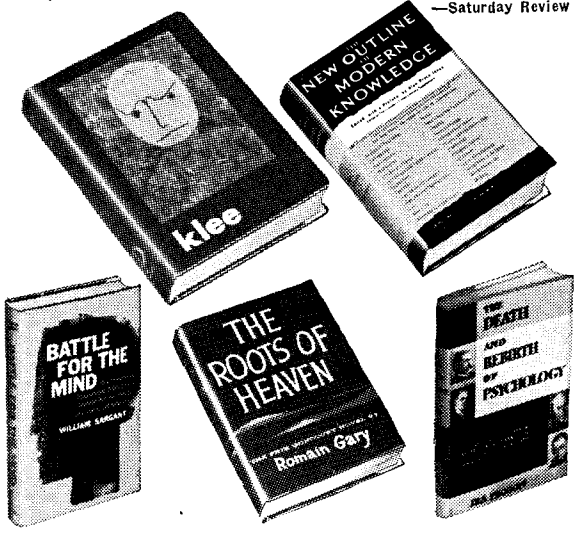

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Not only has Russia demonstrated "islands of excellence" in selected areas of military technology, but, in addition, Soviet leaders have declared that they are determined to surpass present American standards of *production* and *consumption* in the next 10 years.

These challenges can no longer be dismissed as empty propaganda. This country must unleash all its creative and productive forces to achieve new levels of defense, and, at the same time, move ahead to new levels of productivity in our civilian economy.

In the United States, progress is paced and directed by the individual decisions of millions of businessmen, consumers, investors, employees—indeed, every citizen. The faith of our free society is that these millions of points of initiative can — and will — produce swifter progress, with greater liberty, than any system of centralized control. Because of this environment of freedom and initiative, the nation's scientific and engineering resources have the capability for both better defense and better living.

However, in applying our technology to the task, we must infuse—especially in defense work—even more of the incentives for bold and imaginative risk-taking that have been the wellspring of our civilian progress. These incentives are needed, particularly in the fields of research and development, if we are to achieve the technological breakthroughs necessary now and in the years ahead.

And in every phase of our economy, we must eliminate road blocks to higher productivity. It is extremely disturbing that our national productivity has leveled off at the very time an increase is most needed to meet new world challenges.

Americans must prove once again that our free society has vitalities which are superior to those of any totalitarian system. On these pages are shown some of the ways that one company, among many, is trying to help bring America both a stronger defense and ever-higher levels of living.

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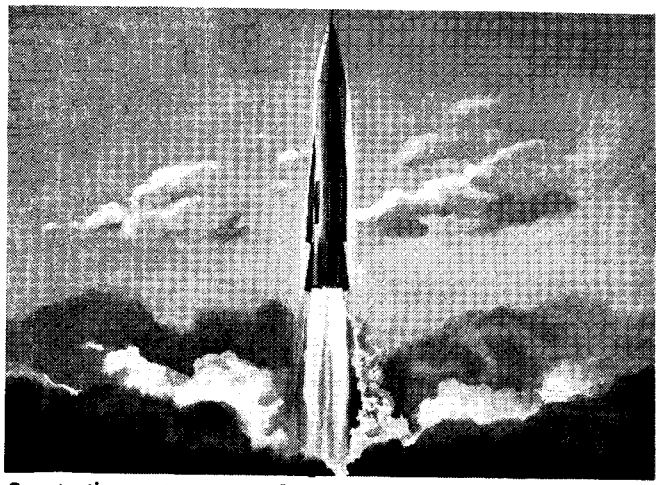
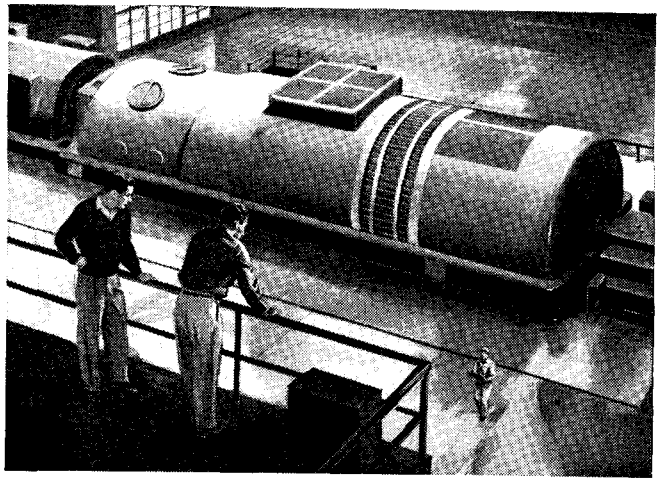
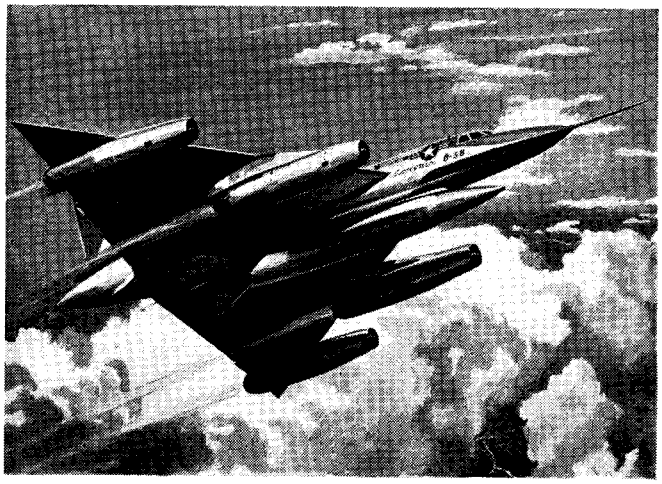


Penetrating outer space. General Electric is a major contributor to 16 missile projects now under way. These include the Atlas, Thor, Regulus II, Polaris, Corporal, Nike Hercules, Honest John and Little John, Lacrosse, Talos, Tartar, Asroc, Sidewinder, and Vanguard as well as other high-priority programs.



Giant power maker. Another significant advance in helping keep electricity today's greatest bargain is a General Electric steam turbine-generator that operates at the highest steam conditions ever used in America. It generates 18 times as much electricity from a pound of coal as Thomas Edison's first plant.



Power for peace. General Electric's J-79 jet engine powers the new B-58 supersonic bomber (above), the F-104A and F11F-1F fighters, and the Regulus II missile, plus other new aircraft not yet announced. A commercial version of this jet engine will be used on some of the leading civilian airlines in the future.

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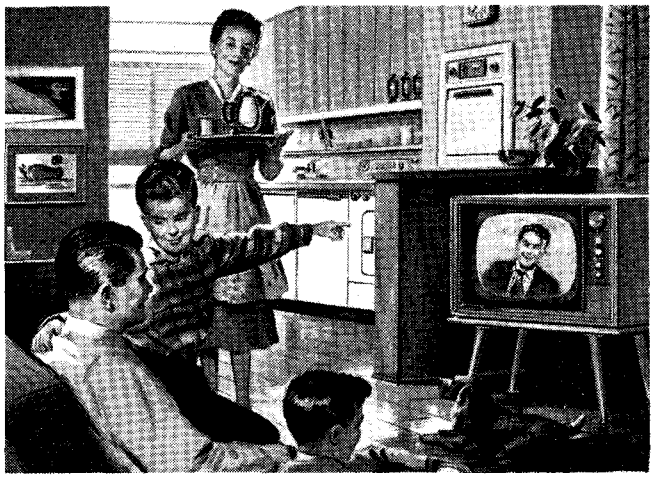
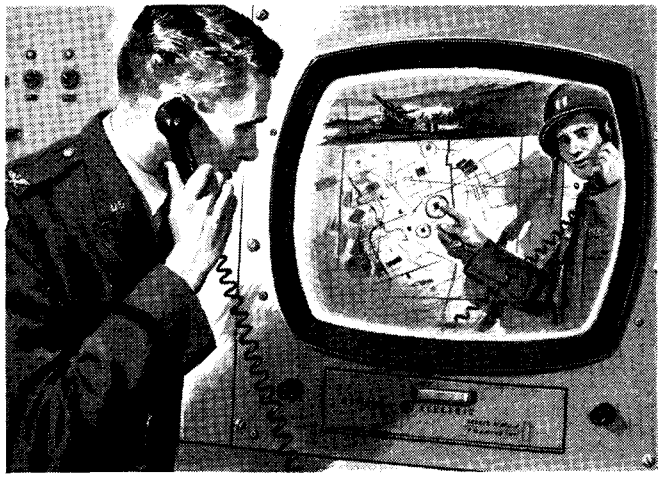
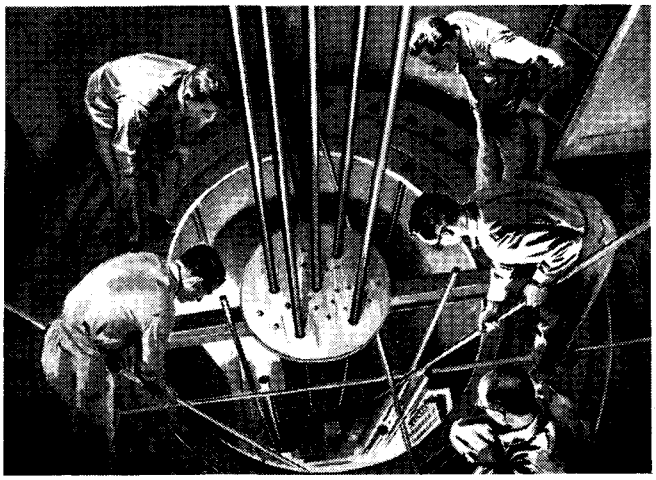
A Progress Report from General Electric



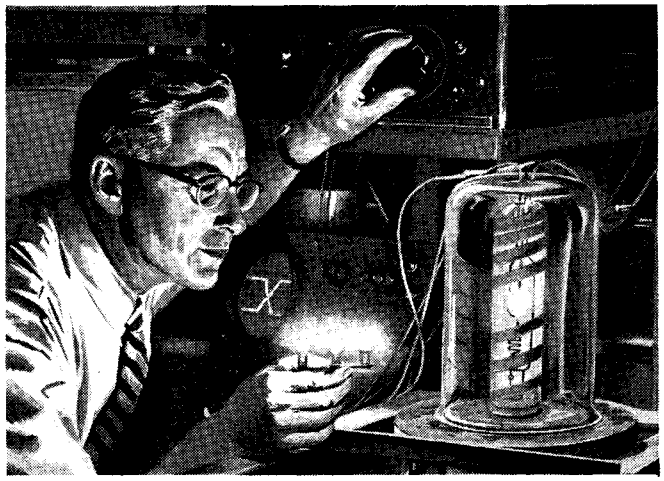
.iving better electrically. Today a housewife commands the equivalent in electrical energy of 45 servants; by 1967 it can be more than 100. The trend is toward more automatic operations. One example: General Electric's Filter-Flo® washer that sets wash conditions for each type of fabric at the push of a button.



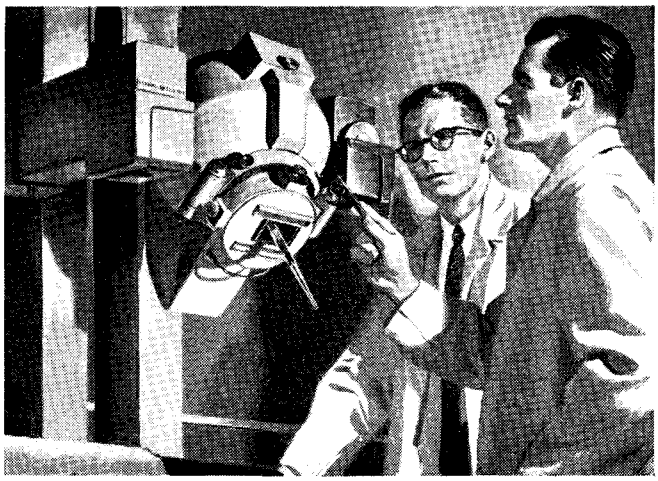
Progress in electronics. General Electric is developing slow-scan TV over telephone lines for military application. This is just one example of the growing use of electronics for defense. In civilian fields, engineers estimate that 40% of the electronic products that will be in use ten years from now have not yet been invented.



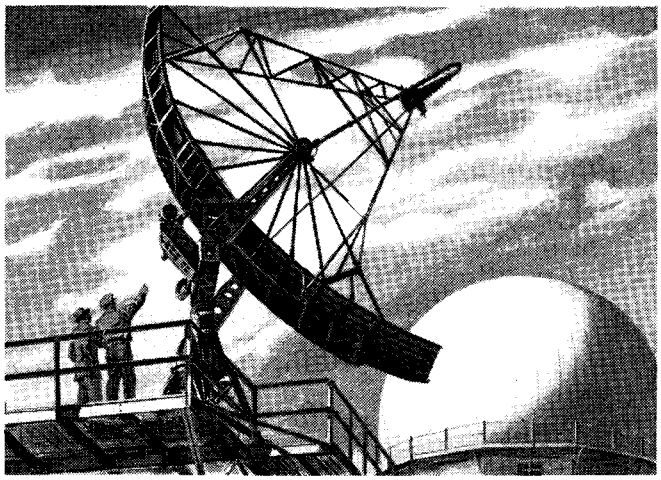
First private atomic electricity. Last year General Electric received Power Reactor License #1 to operate the nation's first privately owned atomic power plant with the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. In addition, the company conducts a substantial research program to study the problem of harnessing fusion.



Research in energy conversion. The General Electric Research Laboratory recently demonstrated an experimental thermionic converter which changes heat directly into electricity. It is just one example of the company's continuing research and development to find even better methods of utilizing energy sources.



New tools for medicine. General Electric, working with Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd., now offers a simpler cobalt-60 cancer-treatment machine which is as flexible as x-ray. In addition, an experimental diagnostic x-ray machine, operating at 8 times the conventional voltage, may help in early discovery of cancer.



Protecting our cities. One example of General Electric's contributions to the strong, alert defense needed to guard America is a new, more accurate search and height-finder radar system. This radar system can seek out enemy aircraft for the "Missile Master," which coordinates the fire of guided-missile batteries.

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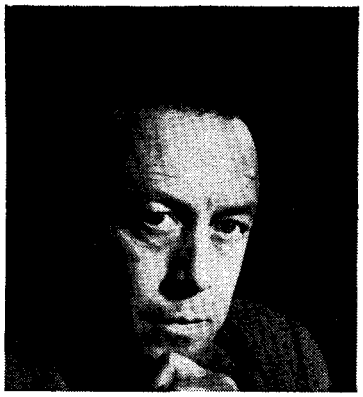

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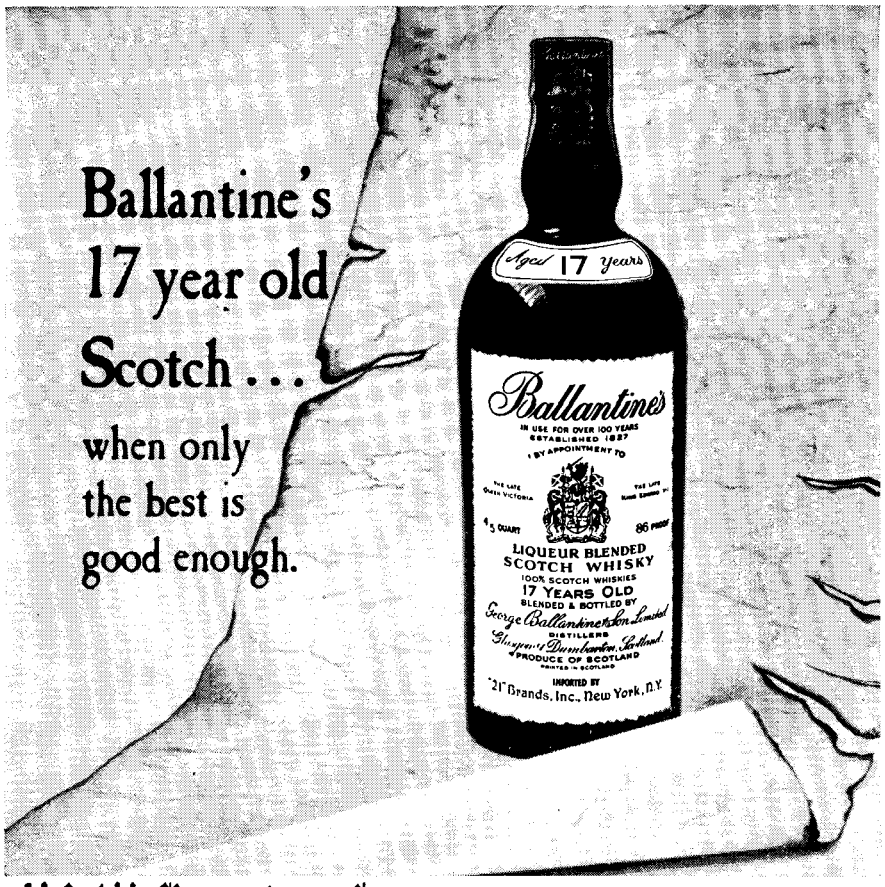

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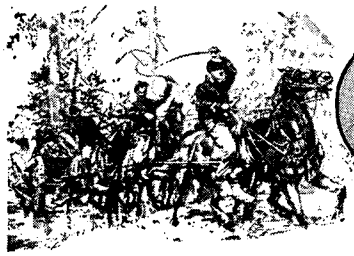

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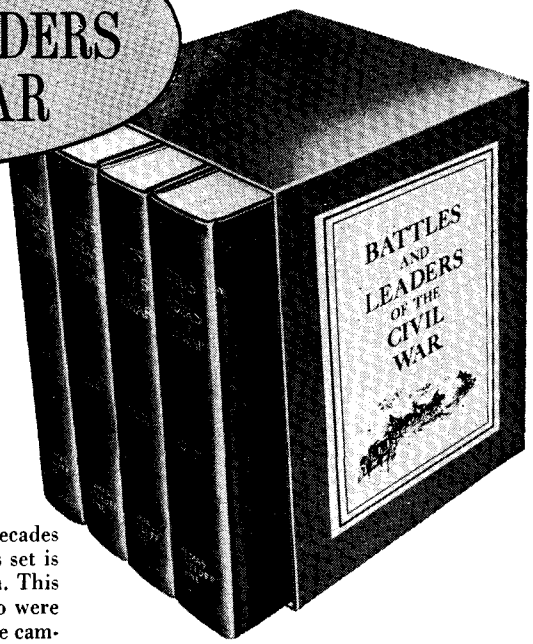

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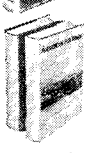

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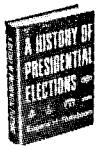

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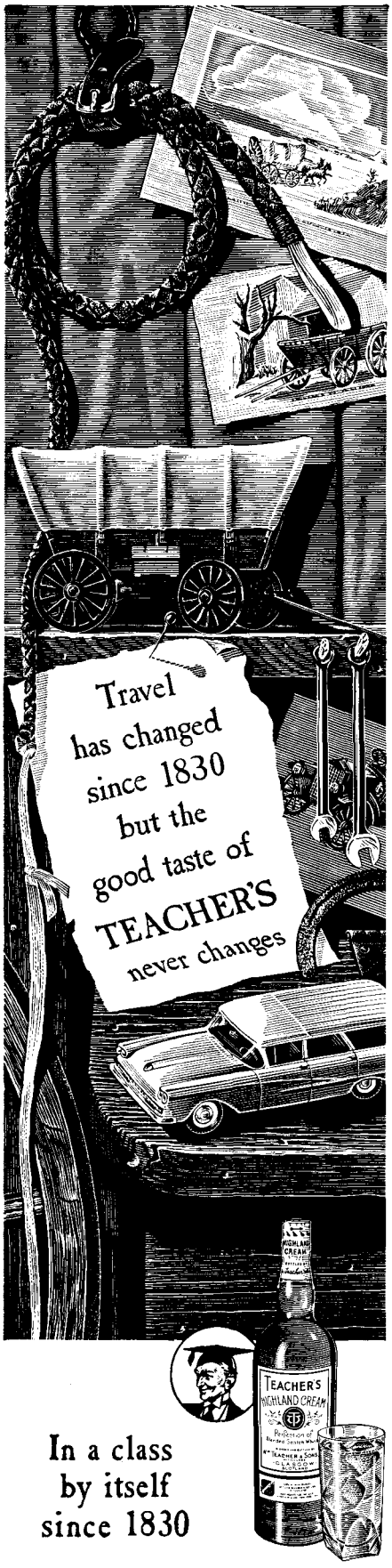


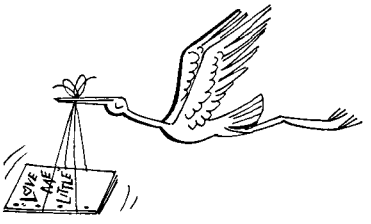
TRADE Winds

FOR THE NEXT column or so, this particular exponent of TRADE WINDS will be immersed in the birth pangs of a new play.

This always makes for interesting conversation.

"Just because they like you in New Haven doesn't mean a tinker's damn," somebody will tell you.

"Those Washington critics—they don't know a comma from a semicolon," is another remark you might hear.



"All you need do is get it banned in Boston, and you're in," is another.

"Pick out a green suit and a green tie for the New York opening," they'll tell you. "They'll go with your complexion."

At this stage, all these comments sort of float over my head, because we are in the middle of rehearsal, and that Glazed Look has become a permanent part of my make-up. I find myself mumbling on a public bus, forgetting to tie my shoes, and twitching.

THE PLAY IS based on the novel "Love Me Little," by McGraw-Hill's Amanda Vail. I was giddy enough to put it into three acts and a long prayer last summer. It has acquired, since that time, a producer, a director, a cast, a scene designer, the necessary quota of angels, a theatre, and a grueling schedule of out-of-town tryouts.

Perhaps some definitions might be in order, just for the sake of clarification.

A producer is somebody who says to you: "Now about that second-act curtain . . ."

He never says it once. He says it forty times, usually within one week. It is best to ignore this, as if you didn't really hear him.

In this particular case, the producer is a gentleman by the name of Alexander H. Cohen. He is always looking sad. It is, I think, an inviolable rule that *all* producers must look this way. And there's a reason for it: no good producer is ever satisfied. He smokes a cigar, and during the rehearsals he is always looking at you out of the sides of his eyes. This is calculated to make you realize that your lines are never so good that they can't be made better. The best thing to do is to ignore this, also. I found that it won't work to look at him out of the sides of your *own* eyes. This simply acknowledges the fact that you are aware of his winter of discontent, and will accomplish no good whatever.

A DIRECTOR IS someone who says to you: "Now about that second-act curtain . . ."

The only difference, then, between him and the producer is that he says it more frequently. This is harder to ignore, because you sit at the table with him in the cold, gloomy rehearsal light, where he can nudge you about it. The only answer to him is a sickly smile, with a very slight tinge of false warmth in it.

The director in this case is Alfred Drake. He is always looking sad—but in a more dynamic way.

He has more energy than Bayer has aspirin.

In explaining a line to an actor, he will quote at length from the classics, interpreting, re-interpreting, packing every line with significance and motivation. The nice thing about him is that you begin to think that you've written a better play than you ever dreamed of.

One line in the play, for instance,

runs: "All you ever think of is *words!*"

Mr. Drake will take that line, repeat it for the actor in rich and resonant tones, then exclaim: "'What do you read, my lord? Words, words, words!' Get some of *that* feeling into it!"

It kind of makes you feel like Shakespeare for one brief, hallucinatory moment. And then the nudge comes along about that second-act curtain, and brings you back to earth again.

A SCENE DESIGNER is one who glares at you.

This glare can vary in intensity, but

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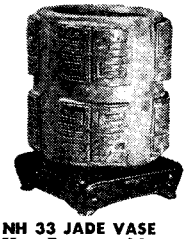

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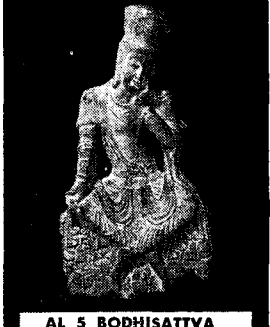

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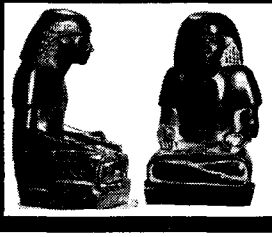

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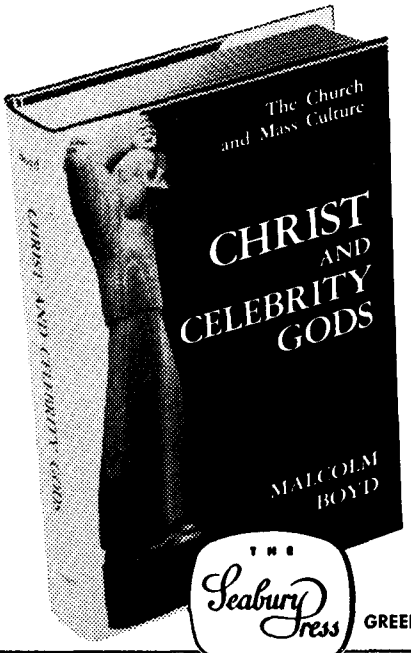

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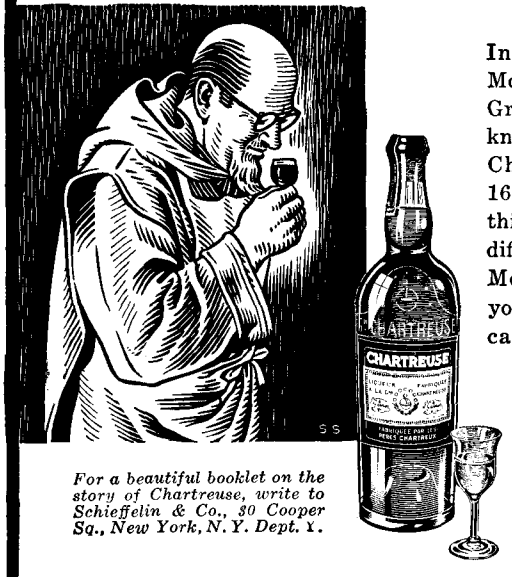

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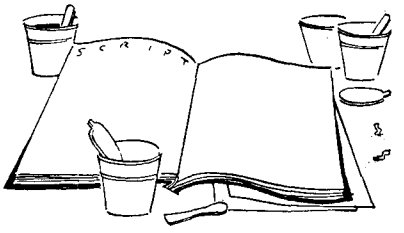
it usually ends up with one meaning: "Why the hell don't you write a play for a bare stage?"

In this instance, the designer is Ralph Alswang. He looks a little like a Westport Abraham Lincoln. He will say: "We're all in the wrong business. All of us. We're out of our minds!" He says it with such intensity that, if you didn't know him, you'd believe him.

THE GLOOMINESS OF an empty theatre at rehearsal time is equalled only by the city morgue.

There is about as much glamour in rehearsals as there is in an unscrubbed subway station. There is endless waiting. Painfully slow movements, as the actors grope their way through the



first walk-through. Soggy coffee cups, with the deep, rare taste of cardboard. Three chairs to represent a sofa. A cardboard box to represent a book case. Details. Timing. Precision. The reaching for lines during the first few days.

DONALD COOK, co-star of the play, tells me that in learning lines he is able to photograph an entire page at a time in his mind, and is able to give an adequate performance in short order. But he no longer uses this method—it was only necessary during his days in stock, with a new play coming up every week or so. He tells of many old stock-company actors who used this mental-photography method, and he found it very difficult to play opposite them. The reason? When an actor plays a scene with someone else, he of course must look into the eyes of the other actor in order to bring full significance to the scene. The actors who memorized in this way would constantly be moving their eyes from left to right—actually reading the mental imprint they had made of the script.

With Broadway shows, Mr. Cook learns his lines slowly, digesting the full meaning and interrelationships of the characters—and gradually his lines become part of him and part of the character he is creating.

He is probably one of the most polished comedians in the theatre. He acts with his eyes, his face muscles, his entire body. His "take" is one of the most subtle, his eyes and face moving barely more than a quarter of

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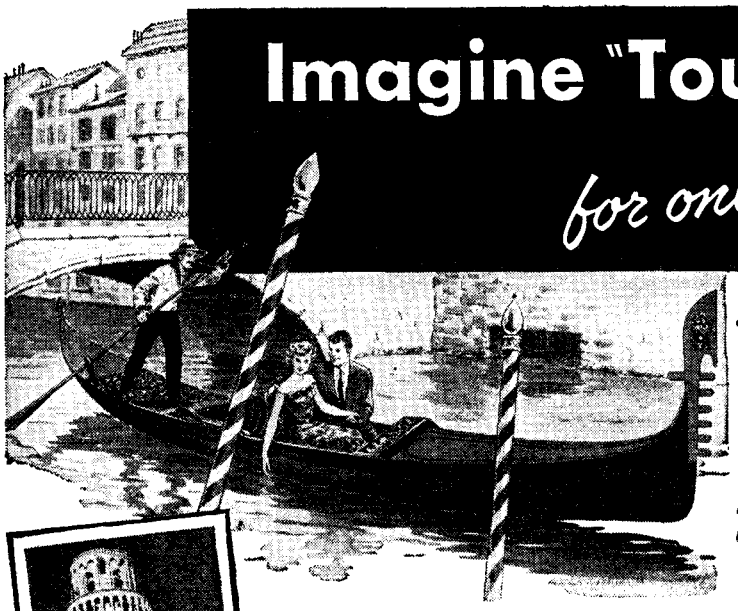

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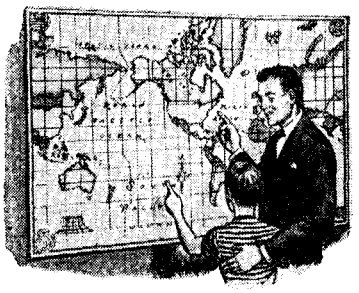

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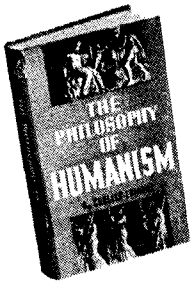

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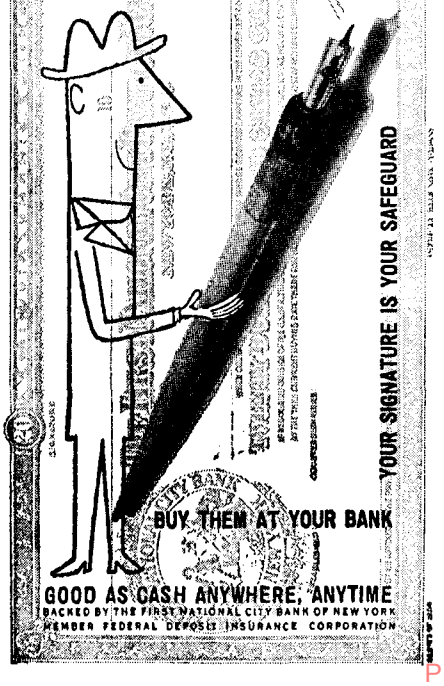

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The Subterraneans
by JACK KEROUAC, author of *On the Road*

an inch. Yet—as his long runs in "The Moon is Blue," "King of Hearts," and many others indicate—this fractional face movement will register clearly right up to the last row in the balcony.

JOAN BENNETT, who is co-starred with Donald Cook, looks lovelier and more radiant than ever. She looks less like a grandmother than Alice in Wonderland. This will be her first Broadway appearance since she played as a young girl with her father in "Jarnegan," a play which ran for 136 performances in 1928. This play, oddly enough, had a prophetic story for Miss

Bennett. In that script, she was a young stage-actress who went on to Hollywood to become a Hollywood star. Over fifty motion pictures testify to the fact that she carried out her make-believe character in real life. Since then, however, she has toured in several live shows ("Stage Door," "Susan and God," "Bell, Book, and Candle," and most recently "Janus") and is anxious now to get back to the Broadway scene.

Miss Bennett, it seems to me, would be admirably equipped to write the book, "I'm a Teen-Age Grandmother."

A STORY filtering in from the Midwest seems to illustrate the mood of the bleak, hard-hitting days of rehearsal.

A mother was limbering up in her bedroom with some neck exercises designed to keep her double chins down and her morale up. Her head went right, left; up, down. Her three-year old daughter named Didi bounced into the room and stopped short.

"Mummy," she said. "What are you looking for?"

To anyone working on any play, the answer is simple: A hit.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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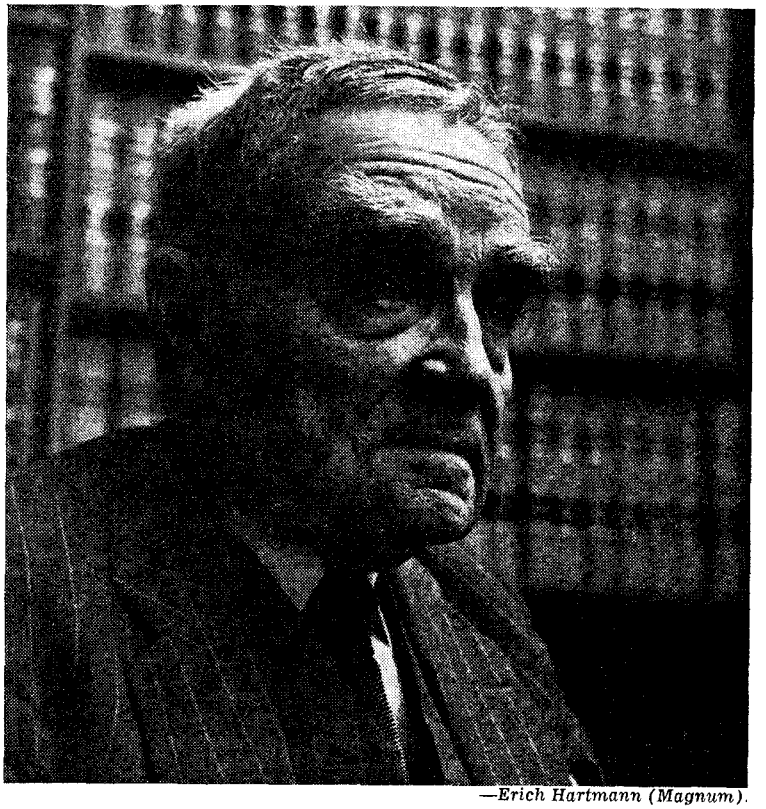
The Saturday Review

MARCH 15, 1958



—Erich Hartmann (Magnum).

Long one of the most respected and influential jurists in the English-speaking world, Learned Hand sat on the bench of the Second United States Circuit Court from 1924 until his retirement in 1951. Like most of the great legal minds of the past, Judge Hand has emphasized throughout his career the limited structure within which the judicial process should operate. This, in fact, is the main theme of his 1958 Oliver Wendell Holmes Lectures at Harvard, from which this article is drawn and which make up the forthcoming "The Bill of Rights" (Harvard University Press, $2.50). (Copyright 1958 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College.)

RIGHTS, POWERS, AND COURTS

By LEARNED HAND

CONGRESS proposed the first eight amendments—what, with the fourteenth, we have come to call our "Bill of Rights"—in the same year that the Constitution was ratified, 1789, and they were themselves ratified in 1791. Some of the states had indeed made these amendments a condition upon their ratification of the Constitution, and they were generally regarded as embodying the same political postulates that had been foreshadowed though not fully articulated in the exordium of the Declaration of Independence: "self-evident" and "unalienable rights" with which all men "are endowed by their Creator" and among which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

That these were rights arising out of "Natural Laws," "inherent" in the structure of any society, or at least any civilized society, were notions widely accepted at the end of the eighteenth century. Even when the powers of king or emperor were at their most absolute and unconditioned peak, it had been conceived that there were limitations valid against any human authority. When the ruler or rulers, be they who they might, exercised powers that went beyond them, their acts were not law at all and nothing could make them so. The easiest support for this attitude was that the source of "Natural Law" was the Will of God; so St. Thomas Aquinas conceived it; so does the Church still assert it; and so did the Deists of the 1700s.

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I CANNOT help doubting whether the evidence justifies the conclusion that the Constitutional Convention would have voted, if the issue had been put to it, that courts should have power to invalidate acts of Congress. It is significant that when Hamilton, who had apparently been

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among those who supported the power, came to defend it as he did in the well-known seventy-eighth number of the *Federalist,* he did not suggest that the conclusion followed from anything in the text; but rather from the ordinary function of courts to construe statutes. The following is the meat of his argument:

"It is far more rational to suppose that the courts were designed to be an intermediate body between the people and the legislature in order among other things to keep the latter within the limits assigned to their authority. The interpretation of the laws is the proper and peculiar province of the courts. A constitution is, in fact, and must be regarded by the judges, as a fundamental law. It therefore belongs to them to ascertain its meaning as well as the meaning of any particular act proceeding from the legislative body. . . . Nor does this conclusion by any means suppose a superiority of the judicial to the legislative power. It only supposes that the power of the people is superior to both; and that, where the will of the legislature declared in its statutes stands in opposition to that of the people declared by the Constitution, the judges ought to be governed by the latter rather than the former."

Obviously, Hamilton did not agree with Bishop Hoadley when in a sermon before George the First in 1717 he said: "Whoever hath an absolute authority to interpret written or spoken laws; it is he who is truly the lawgiver to all intents and purposes and not the person who wrote or spoke them."

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LET us try to imagine what would have been the result if the power to review the decision of Congress did not belong to the courts. There were two alternatives, each prohibitive, I submit. One was that the decision of the first "Department" before which an issue arose should be conclusive whenever it arose later. That doctrine, coupled with its conceded power over the purse, would have made Congress substantially omnipotent, for by far the greater number of issues that could arise would depend upon its prior action.

Hamilton in the seventy-first number of the *Federalist* forecast what would probably have been the result. He was speaking of what he called the "tendency of legislative authority to absorb every other." "In governments purely republican, this tendency is almost irresistible. . . ." It is unfair to ascribe to a mere lust for power this disposition of legislators to expand their powers. As Hamilton intimated, every legislator is under constant pressure from groups of constituents whom he does not satisfy to say, "Although I think what you want is right and that you ought to have it, I cannot bring myself to believe that it is within my constitutional powers." Such scruples are not convincing to those whose interest are at stake; and the voters at large will not usually care enough about preserving "the balance of the Constitution" to offset the votes of those whose interests will be disappointed.

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"REASONABLE care"—that latch-key to so many legal doors—is the care that a "reasonable man" would exercise on the occasion in question. And who is this "reasonable man"? Let me answer in the words of the American Law Institute: he is "a person exercising those qualities of attention, knowledge, intelligence, and judgment which society requires of its members for the protection of their own interests and the interests of others."

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WHEN the Constitution emerged from the Convention in September, 1787, the structure of the proposed government gave no ground for inferring that the decisions of the Supreme Court, and *a fortiori* of the lower courts, were to be authoritative upon the Executive and the Legislature. Each of the three "Departments" was an agency of a sovereign, the "People of the United States." Each was responsible to that sovereign, but not to one another; indeed, their "Separation" was still regarded as a condition of free government, whatever we may think of that notion now. Moreover, it is impossible to have any assurance how the Convention would have voted at the time, had the question been put to it whether the Supreme Court should have a conclusive authority to construe the Constitution. Although this was the opinion of a number of the most influential members, the issue was highly controversial, and there can be no certainty what would have been the outcome of a vote.

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IT WAS probable, if indeed it was not certain, that without some arbiter whose decision should be final the whole system would have collapsed, for it was extremely unlikely that the Executive or the Legislature, having once decided, would yield to the contrary holding of another "Department," even of the courts. The courts were undoubtedly the best "Department" in which to vest such a power, since by the independence of their tenure they were least likely to be influenced by pressure. It was not a lawless act to import into the Constitution such a grant of power. On the contrary, in construing written documents it has always been thought proper to engraft upon the text such provisions as are necessary to prevent the failure of the undertaking. That is no doubt a dangerous liberty, not lightly to be resorted to; but it was justified in this instance, for the need was compelling. On the other hand, it was absolutely essential to confine the power to the need that evoked it: that is, it was and always has been necessary to distinguish between the frontiers of another "Department's" authority and the propriety of its choices within those frontiers.

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IT IS theoretically possible to construe the limitations upon all governmental authority contained in the "Bill of Rights" in one of three ways. First, we may read them as embodying the limitations that were current in 1787. Second, we may read them in the Jeffersonian or Thomistic idiom as postulates embodying the "unalienable rights" with which men "are endowed by their Creator"; or, if we prefer the locution, as part of "Natural Law." As such they become imperative upon Legislatures, Executives, and Courts. There are many who do profess so to understand them. Third, we may read them as admonitory or hortatory, not definite enough to be guides on concrete occasions, prescribing no more than that temper of detachment, impartiality, and an absence of self-directed bias that is the whole content of justice. Not that they are not commands, for indubitably they are; but it would be fatuous to attempt imaginatively to concoct how the Founding Fathers would have applied them to the regulation of a modern society. It is also impossible to fabricate how the "Framers" would have answered the problems that arise in a modern society had they been reared in the civilization that has produced those problems.

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JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY says, if I understand him, that, no matter how obscure the text, a judge is not "justified in refusing to pass on a

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controversy because there is no person or book or custom to tell him how to decide it. He must find out for himself; he must determine what the law ought to be; he must have recourse to the principles of morality." No doubt a judge must dispose of any controversy that he has been given jurisdiction to decide and must base his judgment on law of some sort. However, I cannot suppose that he must snatch a meaning from any gibberish that may emanate from a legislature. In our system at any rate a party asking relief must be able to satisfy the court that there is a command that he shall have it, and he loses if he fails to do so as much as though he failed in proving his facts.

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I CANNOT frame any definition that will explain when the Court will assume the role of a third legislative chamber and when it will limit its authority to keeping Congress and the states within their accredited authority. Nevertheless, I am quite clear that it has not abdicated its former function, as to which I hope that it may be regarded as permissible for me to say that I have never been able to understand on what basis it does or can rest except as *coup de main.*

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THE "free speech" privilege rests upon the premise that there is no proposition so uniformly acknowledged that it may not be lawfully challenged, questioned, and debated. It need not rest upon the further premise that there are no propositions that are not open to doubt; it is enough, even if there are, that in the end it is worse to suppress dissent than to run the risk of heresy. Hence, it has been again and again unconditionally proclaimed that there are no limits to the privilege so far as words seek to affect only the hearers' beliefs and not their conduct. The trouble is that conduct is almost always based upon some belief, and that to change the hearer's belief will generally to some extent change his conduct, and may even evoke conduct that the law forbids.

Suppose the words are such that, if the hearer acted upon the belief they induced, the speaker would become a principal in a crime. There are such words, as everyone agrees; indeed, the existing Federal statute defines them in terms that in substance go back at least to the time of Bracton. One makes himself a principal in the commission of a crime by the hearer when he "aids, abets, counsels, commands, or procures" the hearer to commit it. As you will observe, several, if not all, of these acts may be only verbal. I am not aware that anyone has ever suggested that, although the utterance induces the hearer to attempt to commit the crime, it is privileged if the attempt fails. Nor have I ever heard that even the most ardent champions of the privilege extend it to words that, though they fail to persuade the hearer to attempt to commit the crime, would make him a principal if they had succeeded in inducing him to make an attempt.

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THERE have been, and still are, those who believe that words will be privileged, even though they satisfy the definition, if the unlawful conduct they seek to induce is to be after a substantial interval. That is the doctrine of "clear and present danger." The only ground for this exception that I have ever heard is that during the interval between the provocation and its realization correctives may arise, and that it is better to accept the risk that they may not be sufficient than to suppress what, however guilty in itself, may prove innocuous. I confess that I cannot understand why it should not be adequate protection of the speaker's privilege if he were allowed to show that the interval made it reasonably certain that the provocation would not be realized.

Suppose that a man wished to denounce the ineptitude and corruption of the government to a crowd that he knew to be ripe for riot; and that he had been told that what he proposed to say would probably set them off. Suppose farther that he still persisted in going on with his speech because he believed he had a message of high importance. Would it be privileged? It merely states the problem to say that the answer turns on "whether the gravity of the 'evil' discounted by its improbability justifies such invasion of free speech as is necessary to avoid the danger." I can-

(*Continued on page* 62)

"Good Lord—you don't suppose *this* could be what's been fouling up the Republican Party these last few years!"

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Microcosmos of Prison Life

In ***"Life Plus 99 Years"*** *(Doubleday. 381 pp. $5.50) Nathan Leopold does not explain why he and Richard Loeb murdered Bobby Franks in 1924. Instead, the book tells of the author's life in the Stateville Penitentiary at Joliet, Illinois, for the past thirty-three years.* SR *has asked psychiatrist Fredric Wertham; penologist John L. Gillin, and clergyman Donald Harrington to comment on the book's larger implications to our society from the standpoint of punishment and forgiveness.*

I. The Delinquents

By Fredric Wertham, M.D., *author of "The Show of Violence."*

THIS is a book about what is conventionally called rehabilitation. Nathan Leopold, now fifty-three, Richard Loeb's partner in a much-publicized murder of 1924, describes what has happened to him since then, stopping short of his recent parole. The term rehabilitation is much used by criminologists, psychiatrists, and writers. Crime and punishment is now old stuff; what's discussed today is neuroses and rehabilitation. This latter word is often misleading. Webster defines it as to restore to former capacity, to restore to good repute, to restore to solvency. But when a man has committed a major crime and wants to be accepted again with trust, surely it is not enough that he return to his former state—which was the starting point of the trouble in the first place. We expect much more from him. What that more is, Leopold has achieved.

In straightforward language, the more sincere since it does not shun some of the clichés that we outside of prison use, he has described the microcosmos of prison life. It is no horror story. Its horror lies in the absence of horror. The details of the story are important for anyone who wants really to know how it is. Here is the heavy bureaucratic hand—guided by almost anything except mercy or science—relentlessly laid on a captive. The most essential single, positive factor in a long-term prisoner's life—namely, hope—is mocked at.

To me one of the book's high points is Leopold's contact with Clarence Darrow. The young Superman meets Man. That evidently was the one major influence that helped him to find his orientation in life.

The psychiatric testimony in the celebrated Leopold-Loeb trial, made so much of by those who have neither heard nor read it, was wide of the mark. It is easy, in what seems a baffling crime, to accuse schizoid, egocentric, and paranoid personality types, *folie à deux*, calcification of the pineal gland, and all that. From this book it is certainly clear that Leopold is not and never was a "paranoid psychopathic personality." Psychiatry today is still in the state where medicine was before the discovery of bacteriology. Erle Stanley Gardner in his thoughtful introduction to this book sees much further than that. The murder, he says, was merely the first symptom of deeper-lying social changes. What was exceptional in 1924, what seemed puzzling around 1950, has "ceased to be a novelty in 1957." Juvenile murders have now become a "torrent." It is only in the dynamic interplay between deeply individual and social factors that the key to such cases can be found.

When in the middle Forties I drew attention to my observations that younger and younger youths are committing more and more violent crimes, I was a voice in the wilderness. Leopold's book does not tell us why young people commit these crimes. But it does tell what we do with them afterwards. The two are not unconnected.

"Life Plus 99 Years" is a document *humain*. Maybe it would be better to call it a document *inhumain*. There is much confusion about punishment. What I concluded ten years ago in "The Show of Violence" may help to clarify it. Rational punishment has three aspects: the protection of society, the re-education of the delinquent, and the condemnation of the crime. In the case of Leopold, these conditions have been met.

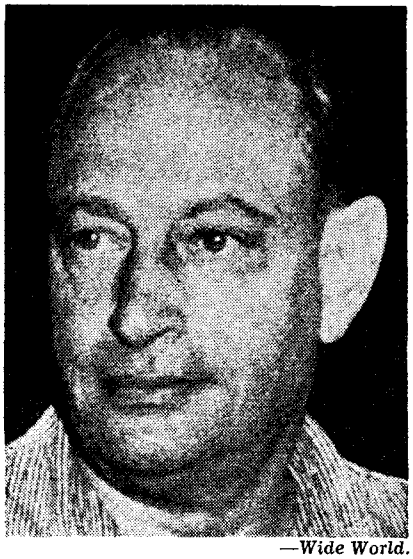
II. The Punishment

By John L. Gillin, *author of "Criminology and Penology."*

FOR fifty years I have been reading books written by inmates of prisons. This is the best in my judgment.

In describing his experience Leopold reveals the methods employed by the administration in controlling the inmates. These are broadly punishments for infraction of the rules, and rewarding measures intended to stimulate observance of the requirements and to secure active interest in the objectives of the institution. The former ranged from rebuke through assignment to a less desirable job, less companionable cellmates, or a less

Nathan Leopold in 1927 . . .



—*Wide World.*

. . . and in 1957 ". . . hope."

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desirable cell, to "the hole." In the latter the inmate was confined for a short or long period with only bread and water, and sometimes chained up to the bars by his wrists for long or short periods of time. The rewards were assignment to a more desirable job, to a cell more pleasing to the inmate, praise for his work, and special privileges: receiving visits, letters, books, and other objects the inmate requested.

One gains the impression that the most trying condition in the prison was the social isolation which the regime imposed on this prisoner. Not only was he shut off from contact with the outside social world, but for the most part he was in a social community shot through and through with suspicion, fear, and frustration. Although he had some friends, he never knew upon which he could absolutely rely. On the whole it was an atomized society: "every fellow for himself." There were only a few of the staff with whom he could have friendly relationships. Then those two long sentences stared him in the face. How could he ever expect consideration for commutation of sentence necessary to be eligible for parole? Besides all these factors there was the attitude of the public excited by the revival of the story of his crime on every occasion by the newspapers, stimulated by the lawyers who had prosecuted the case, and their friends. He was tempted to commit suicide, but decided against it lest it add to the grief of his relatives and friends. Besides, suicide would be proof of his lack of backbone in his fight for release and the opportunity to show that he had become a changed man.

Had Leopold not been made of the sternest stuff, blest with a mind of first-rate quality, keenly conscious of his shortcomings, and gifted with a will to make the most of every opportunity to show his deep concern for the welfare of others despite the sufferings such activities brought upon himself, he would long ago have succumbed in hopelessness and despair. With that equipment, in spite of the severe repression imposed upon him, the result was correctional.

In addition to showing what one young man can do with his life under conditions existing in our prisons, this document is most illuminating on the shortcomings of one of our better institutions. While the prisons have improved somewhat in the last fifty years, they are still chiefly punitive. Parole is an advance, but it is still hedged about with restrictions which obstruct its potential effectiveness. Probation is an improvement, but its use is narrowed down by the laws and prejudices of the judges. And back of it all is the dark ignorance and prejudices of the public.

III. The Social Debt

By The Rev. Donald Harrington, *Minister of The Community Church of New York City.*

WHENCE this dread anger which burns in some of our young people, whence this need to prove one's superiority by wreaking havoc to property and life? Perhaps it derives from the slow but steady evaporation of opportunities for deeply satisfying creativity in our lives. When we cannot rise above the dead level of these things by our own inner creative powers, then we will show our superiority over them by destroying them. Is this what turned to a compulsion to kill in these youths' hearts, and what does today in still so many more? Whence also the spineless willingness to go along with a known wrong on the mere premise that they wouldn't get caught? Perhaps it comes partly from this generation's loss of faith in a God in which it can believe, an ideal to which it can pledge everything, a way of life in which it is constantly reminded that before God we must all do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly if we would live.

Whatever may be the answers to these questions, it must now be perfectly clear that Nathan Leopold has fully paid whatever debt he owed to society. Thirty-three years of sorrow, self-denial, repentance, and willing service to his fellow-prisoners and fellow-men should be rewarded. He has God's forgiveness, that is sure. Any man who could live as he has lived, written as he has written, and worked on constructively without hope year after year and decade after decade, surely has the blessing of God's spirit.

Mink-Coated Loneliness

"The Call Girl," by Dr. Harold Greenwald *(Ballantine. 245 pp. $4.50), is a social and psychoanalytic study of two dozen expensive prostitutes and the men in their lives. Our reviewer, Hickman Powell, is the author of "Ninety Times Guilty."*

By Hickman Powell

"THE CALL GIRL" is a serious and singularly undogmatic study of two dozen high-priced prostitutes. From an impressive collection of data, the author permits himself only one generalization: "The girl who is tied to her family with bonds of love and affection does not become a call girl." Conversely, every character he deals with suffered emotional deprivation in childhood.

Not love but exploitation is the keynote of their lives, plus deep-seated resentments, hatred of parents, and contempt of self. Such data will surprise no student of social pathology. The unusual thing about this study is the nature of the subjects. These are not the familiar case histories of drabs enmeshed in the law or otherwise under duress. They are the voluntary revelations of girls who have not yet hit the skids, at their active economic crest in a world of mink coats and pimps, pampered with Cadillac convertibles.

The author is a practising lay analyst, with experience in social work, advanced degrees in social psychology, and contacts with the entertainment world, on the fringe of which many call girls get their start in business. A couple of attractive young women, suffering from depression and anxieties, came to him for therapy; they were call girls. These acquaintances led to others and eventually to a carefully charted social study. In addition to a half dozen patients, twenty girls were interviewed at length—half of them by the doctor himself and half by some of the brighter call girls, sometimes with tape recorders. The author even obtained the intimate confessions of a pimp, and of at least one habitual customer.

One may smile at first to think of the Ph.D. grabbing his notebook and dashing off for a date with a floozy, of prostitutes making a social survey, but the results are impressive, with the earmarks of good reporting salted with skepticism. They are presented without professional gobbledegook, and probably with no more clinical detail than was necessary.

These girls average about $20,000 a year, on which they pay no taxes

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but which they squander contemptuously on their paid companions, male or female. Three-quarters of them have attempted suicide at least once, but only one of them has ever been arrested for prostitution (she sent the newspaper clipping to her mother). All of them were promiscuous before adopting sex as a means of livelihood. None of them was forced into "the life" by poverty. None of them gets much satisfaction out of sex. A good many are homosexual, as their pimps are likely to be. The pimps serve no economic purpose, but help assuage the girls' characteristic loneliness. The girls hustle their own business, mostly by phone, with the aid of an answering service. Many of them suffer from anxieties, masochism, craving for degradation.

Gloomy as all this is, Dr. Greenwald reports that five out of six girls who came to him for treatment are at present leading respectable lives. He attributes this as much to their own efforts as to his treatment, which was aimed at their symptoms rather than their business. That is doubtless far better than the average prognosis for such girls, but he thinks a good deal of rehabilitation might be accomplished through group therapy. He believes it might be well for society to use money for this, rather than for vice cops and jails. He says the real patient is society.

To Fit the Criminal

"The Offenders," by Giles Playfair and Derrick Sington *(Simon & Schuster. 305 pp. $3.95), attempts to demolish the arguments that are traditionally advanced in favor of capital punishment. Our reviewer, William M. Kunstler, is associate professor of law at the New York Law School.*

By William M. Kunstler

THOSE who favor the abolition of capital punishment have rarely been able to command widespread popular support in this country. Perhaps only in 1927, when the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment was spawned by the Sacco and Vanzetti case, did anything remotely resembling a national abolitionist movement come into being. In fact, the recent American trend seems to be toward an increase in the number of capital offenses, while six of the twelve states that once outlawed the death penalty have reinstated it.

In England, however, there has been a steady abolitionist trend since 1780 (when there were 350 capital crimes), culminating in the Homicide Act of 1957. This statute, which abolished the death penalty for all crimes except two varieties of murder and treason, was a compromise measure which satisfied neither abolitionists nor retentionists. But the controversy which preceded it did flush into the open most of the significant pro and con arguments and, possibly more important, was responsible for two remarkable books, Arthur Koestler's "Reflections on Hanging" (*SR* July 20, 1957) and the study reviewed.

Despite a fundamental, and perhaps irreconcilable, difference between them, both books attempt to destroy the shibboleths that are perennially advanced in favor of capital punishment. That "The Offenders" seems a more persuasive indictment is possibly due to Koestler's almost clinical preoccupation with hanging to the exclusion of other forms of execution and his refusal to condemn all punishment by killing. However, in all fairness to him, his objective was a limited one—the ending of hanging in England.

Giles Playfair and Derrick Sington are, respectively, an English lawyer turned drama professor and an ex-newspaperman. To prove their point —that the death penalty for *any* crime is wrong—they have assembled case histories of four men and two women convicted of crimes for which four were punished by death, one by life imprisonment, and one by an indeterminate sentence. The trial of a seventh defendant resulted in a "not guilty by reason of insanity" verdict, which was followed by mandatory (and successful) psychiatric treatment. In themselves, the cases make fascinating reading.

Playfair and Sington, convinced—as I am—that capital punishment is, notwithstanding its many apologists, nothing more than legal vengeance, present in infinitely more dramatic form most of the pro-abolition evidence amassed in the Royal (Gowers) Commission Report of 1953. It remained for the execution of Ruth Ellis two years later, for the murder of her faithless lover, to generate enough public heat to reach the high-water mark of abolition in 1956, when the House of Commons voted to end

(*Continued on page* 61)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHOOT THE WORKS

Gambling is a favorite theme of fiction writers and occasionally of other kinds of writers. Here are eight problems posed thereby, largely in the area of identification of characters. Answers on page 23.

1. What title-heroine in a Pulitzer Prize novel, attending a swank house dance, felt herself disgraced when her brother was discovered shooting craps with the cloak-room attendants?
2. What lady eschewed cribbage as "an ungrammatical game" and would not "play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, for nothing"?
3. The location of what gambler's corpse was marked by the deuce of clubs pinned to a tree with a bowie knife?
4. Who won a sable-lined pelisse at billiards, pawned it to play roulette, went broke, was staked by a friend, and won more than enough to repay his friend and redeem the pelisse?
5. What female character, on winning an ocean-going cast of dice with a ship's crew for the stake, whistled three times?
6. What American writer made note in his journal of a man "who gambled, not for winnings, but for bread, and with the members of the legislature of Indiana; and the men whose money he won liked him so well that they one day made him clerk of the House of Representatives, much to his surprise"?
7. In the opening chapter of what Victorian novel does the heroine, who has been winning heavily at roulette, start losing even more heavily as soon as her eye meets the eye of the title-hero (who is not gambling)?
8. How many times do the words *gamble* or *gambler*, in any form, appear in the works of Shakespeare?

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FICTION

Dos Passos: Yesterday and Today

In the following review of ***"The Great Days"*** *(Sagamore Press. 312 pp. $4.50) Maxwell Geismar analyzes the ups and downs of the literary career of one of the most vigorous writers of the Twenties and Thirties. What has happened to John Dos Passos in the Forties and Fifties is the burden of this essay, as it is of the study of the novelist included in Mr. Geismar's next book, "American Moderns," a midcentury survey of contemporary fiction.*

By MAXWELL GEISMAR

THE career of John Dos Passos falls into three main periods. There was the apprentice period in the Twenties of "One Man's Initiation," "Three Soldiers," and "Streets of Night." These tales were related to the art-novels of the period. The central figure was that of the detached, brooding, esthetic observer of life—an outcast hero. The second and major period in Dos Passos's writing extended from "Manhattan Transfer," in 1925, to the final, perhaps best book of the "USA" trilogy, "The Big Money," in 1936.

These four books are still the core of Dos Passos's work, and they are a cornerstone in contemporary American fiction. They are indispensable to a knowledge of the modern period—but they are a pleasure as well as an obligation to read. It was only natural, perhaps, that a second trilogy in the Forties, "District of Columbia," was marked by a falling-off in power. And in retrospect we can see that the three later novels ("Adventures of a Young Man," "Number One," "The Grand Design") marked a crisis, almost a chasm, in his creative work.

Somehow the collapse of Dos Passos's faith in the Russian Revolution brought about a loss of both historical perspective and creative vitality. The earlier and symbolic figure of "Vag"—the outcast hero in proletarian trappings—became the frightened landlord of Monticello. (Dos Passos's biography of Jefferson stressed the conservative and restraining, not the enlightened, liberal, and emancipating elements in the great country squire.) In the Forties and Fifties the works of Dos Passos have reflected a prevailing mood of despair, frustration, and black suspicion. I am sorry to say that "The Great Days" confirms this general pattern and brings it to a kind of logical climax.

It is indeed the gloomiest and most desperate novel of all, and in an odd way it appears to be the most personal. The hero is a former "celebrity," a noted journalist who has fallen out of favor partly because of his "views." His first marriage has ended in disaster; his children have deserted him (with some cause). He is at the end of his rope. So Roland Lancaster takes a trip—a familiar refrain in the work of Dos Passos—this time to Cuba, with a new girl whom he plans to marry, and who may change his luck.

But the novel is divided between the hero's present adventures—a dreadful series of catastrophes—and his flashback memories of the past: those "great days" indeed before his downfall. It was the New Deal, as we discover here, which ruined both him and his country; and these retrograde reveries bring back many of the same fictional figures who were first described in "District of Columbia." Among the high officials of the Roosevelt Administration Navy Secretary Roger Thurloe (based on Forrestal) is the only true American.

—George Cserna.

John Dos Passos—". . . most personal."

At least it is Thurloe—in Lancaster's extended and rather unpleasant reveries—who is the man of action, the counter-New-Deal theorist, the only high official who understands the real meaning of the Second World War, the disaster of the Nuremburg trials, the Russian menace, the hopeless future. He is almost the other half of Roland Lancaster himself—the dream fulfilment, the wishful fantasy of the writer—and when he leaps from the hospital window, "Ro" has lost his only true friend. But Lancaster's disintegration, in the present action of the novel, is hardly more credible than the so-called historical background of "The Great Days."

The novel's heroine—the "new girl" Elsa—is no vessel of comfort or salvation. She outdrinks Roland steadily and persistently; she repulses him sexually, and, worst of all, she refuses (with some justice) to listen to the compulsive and repetitious chronicle of his decline. During most of this Cuban interlude—where Dos Passos also shows his distaste for the Latin peoples, any form of social revolution, even for modern art—Roland Lancaster is really out of action: a drunken, impotent spectator of his mistress's perverted antics. If indeed Ro's political judgment is no better than his human judgment, the novelist has sealed his hero's destiny.

Even in the "USA" trilogy, the typical Dos Passos protagonists were doomed to failure in the best of social systems. Now they seem to make the worst of the worst of all possible worlds. The present hero has moved only from "the terrible unhappiness of adolescence" to the frustration of defeat "when you are a man grown and aged." In the whole range of Dos Passos's people, where is that missing period of comfort, pleasure, maybe exaltation, which occurs in even the shabbiest human existence? The human core of his philosophical concepts is inadequate—is missing.

For certainly this final nightmare couple is hardly the most convincing example of the "new democratic theory" which Dos Passos presents here to oppose a discredited Marxism. What indeed would Jefferson, Emerson, Melville, Lincoln, or Whitman have said to all this? What nonsense! We can do better than that, and so can Dos Passos.

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Great Eastern Ice Jam

"The Man Who Broke Things," by John Brooks *(Harper. 312 pp. $3.95), is a novel about a proxy war in Wall Street and the men who waged it.*

By Carlos Baker

THE MAN who breaks things, in John Brooks's third novel, is a Wall Street financier named Hank Haislip. His object is to crack and shatter the rock-ribbed ice of a highly conservative Ivy League outfit called the Great Eastern Company. Although its holdings run to nine or ten figures, the company's stockholders have been obliged to content themselves for years with small though regular dividend checks. As an aggressive exponent of the liquid over the solid, the fluid over the frozen, Haislip sets himself to liquidate the Great Eastern ice jam—if necessary by dynamite. When he pushes the handle of the detonator, in the climactic phase of the novel, it is to let the ice cubes fall where they may. And fall they do, though not always into watery oblivion.

Mr. Brooks has organized his novel brilliantly. Having done in the recent past some very able financial reporting-at-large for *The New Yorker* magazine, he is perfectly at home in his chosen field among the shadowy man-made canyons of lower Manhattan, and his account of the winter's struggle and springtime denouement moves with complete credibility to a conclusion that seems inevitable only when it has occurred.

What chiefly concerns the novelist, however, is neither a structural nor a sociological problem. The interest lies, as it should, in the human consequences of Haislip's assault. What will happen, for example, to Robert Billings, Harvard graduate, ex-journalist, ex-naval officer, whom Haislip has hired to plant his charges against Great Eastern? What about Billings, Senior, pillar of probity in Wall Street, or young Sam Salt, father and family man, whose public-relations job at Great Eastern may be liquidated when the charges explode? Or Haislip's mixed-up daughter Ellen, or his kindly mistress, Edna Hamill? Any or all of these could be hoist by the Haislip petard. How hard will they fall if they fall?

With this novel, Mr. Brooks has completed what amounts to a trilogy on the theme of economic power and its moral implications. Part One, "The Big Wheel," examined with a nice mixture of sympathy and satire the conflict between individual integrity and corporate pressures up and down the editorial hierarchy of a huge weekly newsmagazine. Part Two, "A Pride of Lions," watched the disintegration of a proud old-line family in a city not unlike Trenton, New Jersey, under the double assault of economic and political forces. In Part Three, as in its distinguished predecessors, Mr. Brooks faces the fact, though never sententiously, that a dynamic culture probably needs men who break things as much as it needs the temperamental conservationists and conservatives. As for himself, like any good novelist, he bestrides the equinoctial line, maintaining the most delicate balance between involvement and detachment, between a gently simmering anger at the way things are and a kind of humorous semi-conviction that, however rough the winter of their discontent, people tend as individuals to show a certain springy resiliency, which may, in the end, be their best guarantee against permanent destruction.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 768

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 768 will be found in the next issue.

UXAYGUV FDU FXRQ XPA

XT UXAYGUV, DUJ RXCQ

AYDU D AYGUV FDU VX

EDFI AX UXAYGUV.

—RDCFPB DPCQOGPB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 767

Truth often suffers more by the heat of its defenders, than from the arguments of its opposers.

—W. PENN.

—*Robert Adler.*

Rex Warner—". . . poet's skill."

Before the Ides

"The Young Caesar," by Rex Warner *(Little, Brown. 353 pp. $4.75), is an account of the Roman emperor's early life as he himself might have told it. C. A. Robinson, Jr., who reviews it, is author of "Ancient History: From Prehistoric Times to the Death of Justinian."*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

REX WARNER's biographical novel, "The Young Caesar," is a resounding and distinguished success. The story opens on the evening before the fateful Ides of March, 44 B.C. Julius Caesar has dined quietly at the home of a friend and is now busy with his papers and his thoughts, perhaps with reflections on the career so near its end. There then follows an account of his early life, spoken by Caesar himself.

This was a most tragic and exciting moment in history, as the end of any era is probably bound to be. The Roman Republic, which had created an empire, spent its last century in an agonizing series of civil wars, which were to end forever in antiquity all hope of political democracy. Famous men dominated the age of revolution. There were, for example, Marius and Sulla, military heroes but also butchers; and the members of the first triumvirate—Pompey the Great, vain, pompous, and honorable, the most experienced military man alive; Crassus,

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the richest man on earth; and Caesar himself, with his popular appeal and commanding intelligence. There were also Cicero and the arch conspirator, Catiline; Antony and Octavian, Caesar's grandnephew who, as Augustus, became Rome's first emperor.

With a poet's skill and style—and, most fortunately, with the caution of a sound historian—Warner pictures for us the emergence of Caesar into the sea of warring factions. Proscriptions were often the order of the day, so that mere physical survival could never be taken for granted. And how was a man such as Caesar—well born, to be sure, but bankrupt—to make his way against entrenched wealth and privilege; how was he to win the city mob from its skilful leaders? Inevitably, perhaps, he began life as an unscrupulous politician, but he was to die a great statesman, a military genius, conqueror of Gaul and master of the Mediterranean world.

Eschewing all sensationalism, Warner carries us quietly from page to page in a kind of white heat, as one crisis passes into another. The task of the day, he makes Caesar say, was to combine "liberty with authority, revolution with continuity, discipline with initiative."

It was indeed a formidable problem. Mommsen once observed that "there was in the world as Caesar found it much of the noble heritage of past centuries and an infinite abundance of pomp and glory, but little spirit, still less taste, and least of all true delight in life." What Caesar might have accomplished we shall never know, but certainly his assassination filled the hearts of many men with gloom. As one of his friends remarked, "If Caesar, with all his genius, could not find a way out, who will now?"

Warner stops his narrative short, on the eve of Caesar's departure for Gaul and the greatest achievements of his life. Let us hope, however, that he will not rest on his laurels. Meanwhile there is John Buchan's tiny, but topnotch, biography of two decades ago to round out the story.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Alice Adams" (Booth Tarkington). 2. Mrs. Battle, in "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist" (Charles Lamb). 3. John Oakhurst, in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" (Bret Harte). 4. Le Vicomte de Florac, in "The Newcomes" (Thackeray). 5. The Nightmare Life-in-Death, in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (Coleridge). 6. "Journals" (Emerson, under January 16, 1843). 7. "Daniel Deronda" (George Eliot—the gambling lady is Gwendolen Harleth). 8. None.

Anguish of Life

"Exile and the Kingdom," by Albert Camus, *translated by Justin O'Brien (Knopf. 213 pp. $3.50), consists of six stylistically different stories whose theme is separation. Philip Thody, whose "Albert Camus: A Study of His Work" was recently published, reports on this latest book by the Nobel Prizewinner for us. Mr. Thody teaches at Queen's University of Belfast.*

By Philip Thody

M. CAMUS's first three novels, "The Outsider," "The Plague," and "The Fall," closely resembled one another in their preoccupation with moral and philosophical problems—the world's absurdity, the nature of evil, and the obsession with guilt. This new collection of short stories differs from them in not being primarily related to metaphysical questions. These questions are still there, but yield first place to the study of personal relationships and individual problems. To judge by the latest work by the Nobel Prizewinner, French literature is moving away from its recent obsession with politics and philosophy.

The theme of exile and separation—which recurs in all Camus's work—is here made for the first time into the central subject of a whole book. All the characters in the stories share this feeling: the mad priest who turns traitor to his faith in "The Renegade," the schoolmaster in "The Quest," the painter Jonas in the snob-ridden world of Paris art, the worker Yvars in Algeria, and the engineer D'Arrast in Brazil. In this respect each person—except the priest—seems a version of Camus's own character. In no other book except "The Outsider" does the autobiographical aspect of his writing show up so strongly.

The book consists of six stories, each of which is written in a different style. The first, "The Adulterous Woman," is descriptive and poetic, openly emotional and concerned with a purely personal problem. It is set in Camus's native Algeria, and is the first—and so far the only—one of his stories to have a woman as its central character. Janine, the wife of a small French draper, is accompanying her husband on a trip to sell cloth to the Arabs. She is conscious throughout the journey of the lost vigor of her youth and of approaching middle age. This is her exile, and she feels strongly the contrast between her heaviness and the natural grace of the Berber tribesmen, those "poverty-stricken but free lords of a strange kingdom." When she and her husband stop for the night, she steals out of the hotel bedroom and goes up onto the parapet surrounding the town. Her "adultery" is consummated in a feeling of mystic union with the earth and sky, in which, "breathing deeply, she forgot the cold, the dead weight of others, the craziness or stuffiness of life, the long anguish of living and dying."

Most of Camus's readers will probably agree that "Exile and the Kingdom" is not one of his major works. It is, however, none the less interesting and readable. M. Camus cannot write badly, and he is well served by his translator. His incursion into satire in "The Artist at Work" is most successful, while the stream-of-consciousness technique which he uses in "The Renegade" is well suited to the subject matter of the story. The delirium of the mutilated missionary waiting to kill his successor, the intolerance and stupidity of his twisted mind, are admirably rendered by the confusion of his language and the intermingling of places and events.

BY CONTRAST, the simplicity of narration of "The Guest," the only one of the stories with a political flavor, reminds us that M. Camus has not lost the power for deliberate underwriting which was so effective in "The Plague." "The Guest" tells how a French schoolteacher, isolated in a small village in the Algerian mountains, reluctantly accepts custody of an Arab who has killed a relative with a pruning hook. He shares his meal with the Arab, takes off his bonds, and in the morning leads him to a place from where he can go either towards the town and the prison, or towards the plateau where the nomads will shelter him. The Arab, who had tried in vain to persuade Daru to join the terrorists, walks toward the town. On returning to his school, Daru finds on the blackboard the words: "You handed over our brother. You will pay for this." The whole tragedy of men of good will in Algeria is contained in these eighteen pages. M. Camus can still deal with the issues of our time, even though he now approaches them in a more indirect and personal way.

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HISTORY

—*From the book, Elicson Photography.*

Exterior of Alamo Chapel in 1846.

An American Epic

"Thirteen Days to Glory," by Lon Tinkle *(McGraw-Hill. 255 pp. $3.95), is the story of the siege of the Alamo. Reviewer H. B. Parkes is the author of "History of Mexico."*

By H. B. Parkes

IN A less sophisticated era the siege of the Alamo would have become a theme for heroic poetry. This story of how a small group of adventurers, disobeying orders to retreat, insisted on holding their ground against an enemy army, how all of them were eventually slaughtered but not before they had killed immensely larger numbers of their opponents, and how their deaths were afterwards avenged by their compatriots has the flavor of primeval saga. Both in the nature of the action and in the behavior of the leading personalities it recalls the battle fought by Charlemagne's rear guard in the pass of Roncesvaux, as described in the "Chanson de Roland." The bloody outcome resembles also the last stand of the Burgundians against the Huns in the finale of the "Nibelungenlied." The whole early history of Texas, as of some other sections of the American frontier, has, in fact, the qualities of the epic ages. Chaotic social conditions, highly individualistic characters, emphasis on the values of physical courage, generosity, and personal loyalty, conflict with alien enemies: such are the factors that gave rise to the Homeric poems.

Frontier conditions did not endure long enough to produce the appropriate literary expressions, and instead of heroic poetry we have prose history. Yet when the history is well written, with an appreciation of its intrinsically dramatic aspects, it is extraordinary how much of the epic flavor it can convey. Mr. Tinkle is scrupulous about his facts, and appears to have done a thorough job of research. Only in one instance, as he explains, has he gone beyond documentary evidence in describing the actions of his characters. His book is a careful, detailed record of the siege, along with flashbacks describing the earlier lives of the leading personalities. Yet simply by describing what was said and done he has produced a narrative with the qualities of a good work of fiction. The story of the Alamo has been often told, but never so movingly as in this book.

William Barret Travis is the central figure of Mr. Tinkle's story. This young Alabama lawyer, reserved, sensitive, and dominated by an exaggerated sense of personal honor, had apparently killed a man for insulting his wife before coming to Texas. His claim to be the commander of the beleaguered garrison was at first challenged by Jim Bowie, an adventurer of a very different type who had been a slave-trader and an ambitious land-speculator and was famous throughout the Southwest for his prowess in knife fights. But Bowie was seriously injured early in the siege by a rolling cannon, after which he forgot his quarrel with Travis and loyally supported his leadership.

A third Homeric character who died in the Alamo was Davy Crockett, ex-Congressman from Tennessee, whose exploits as a frontier hunter were already mythical. During the siege he apparently lived up to his reputation both as a marksman and as a humorist. Nor does the story lack the element of betrayal that is an integral part of most epic legends. The men in the Alamo expected help from Colonel Fannin, in command of Texan troops at Goliad a hundred miles to the Southeast; but although Fannin received a series of messengers from Travis, he refused to move. These and other men are clearly characterized by Mr. Tinkle.

He is less successful with the Mexicans, and Santa Anna remains a monster who never becomes understandably human. But this extraordinary figure has been an enigma to all his biographers. Mr. Tinkle, however, emphasizes the fact that this was not a war of races. A number of Mexicans, refusing to accept the destruction of their country's liberties, fought with the Texans, and some of them died in the Alamo.

THE WAYS WEST: That improved transportation facilities were essential to the winning of the American West is well known. Not so well known is the part played by the Army Engineer Department in providing these facilities. Forest G. Hill in **"Roads, Rails, & Waterways: The Army Engineers and Early Transportation"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $4) points out that West Point was until 1824 the only school of engineering in the United States, and that it remained the nation's leading technical school until the Civil War. Since most engineers were in the Army, civil as well as military construction in this period needed Army technological aid. In the 1820s Army engineers began working on civil projects, and soon under the internal improvements programs of the national government this

In Memory of an Overambitious Poem

By Richard Moore

THAT great, meaningless poem! It races
Still through my empty spaces,
A darkened star, ill starred:
It drew down into itself so hard
It disturbed all motion and all rest
Even to vastest distance—
But in the process it compressed
Itself out of existence.

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activity expanded into broad surveys of roads, canals, and railroads. The author's scholarly study of these developments, based largely upon the manuscript records of the Engineer Department in the National Archives, covers the period between 1815 and the Civil War. It affords valuable information on the nation's military and economic history and on its westward expansion. —HAL BRIDGES.

BLUNDERS UP NORTH: Literary excellence has distinguished the first two volumes of the Canadian history series edited by Thomas B. Costain, and Volume III, **"The Path of Destiny: Canada from the British Conquest to Home Rule: 1763-1850,"** by Thomas H. Raddall (Doubleday, $5), is up to standard. Mr. Raddall deals ably with Northwest exploration and the attainment of home rule in Canada, but he is at his best when applying his fresh metaphors and similes and his graphic descriptions of battle to the military history of the American Revolution and the War of 1812. United States blunders in these two wars look glaring indeed when seen from the Canadian side. During the Revolution, Washington and the Continental Congress failed to make the slight efforts needed to win Nova Scotia away from Great Britain, and in the War of 1812, when United States armies sought to conquer all of Canada, they flopped ludicrously. This second conflict is to Canada, the author points out, what the Revolution is to the United States. —H. B.

LIFE IN THE REGIMENT: The overwhelming sensory and emotional impact of Civil War combat upon the officers and men of one Northern infantry regiment is superbly recaptured by John J. Pullen in **"The Twenieth Maine: A Volunteer Regiment in the Civil War"** (Lippincott, $5). Foregoing any attempt to analyze grand strategy, Mr. Pullen by means of wartime letters, journals, and published records recreates the day-by-day existence of the regiment: how it trained, how it marched and bivouacked, how it fought from Fredericksburg to Appomattox, and how it buried its dead on the battlefield, while the wounded fell back to hideous suffering and probable death in the field hospitals. Mr. Pullen, who saw action as an artillery captain in the Second World War, imparts to all this a truly remarkable sense of reality. When the regiment in its finest hours holds the Union left at Gettysburg with a last-ditch bayonet charge against heavy odds, you are there, undergoing a strange combination of reading pleasure and near battle fatigue. —H. B.

ESSAYISTS

Business of Evolution

***"New Bottles for New Wine," by Julian Huxley** (Harper. 318 pp. $4.50), is comprised of thirteen essays and addresses whose sum is the credo of a modern scientist.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

Julian Huxley—". . . tough-minded."

JULIAN (now Sir Julian) Huxley is, of course, one of the most distinguished living biologists and a product of the most rigid scientific discipline. Like his grandfather before him, he is also preeminently tough-minded, almost fanatically committed to fact and to reason alone. No one could more perfectly represent the twentieth-century successor of those nineteenth-century scientific rationalists who dethroned religion and committed the world to the belief that (in T. H. Huxley's words) we must follow Nature "no matter to what black abyss she may lead." But it is for precisely these reasons that what is new in his attitudes, emphases, and convictions is so tremendously significant.

The present volume brings together thirteen essays and addresses. A few of them are on such limited subjects as "New Light on Heredity" and, even, "Natural History in Iceland." But the majority deal in broad terms with a related series of themes which, taken together, brilliantly set forth the credo of a modern scientist. This is in itself significant because it recognizes the fact that the nineteenth-century ideal of "knowing more and more about less and less" has given way to the realization that the world now desperately needs men who will again "take all knowledge for their province"—however formidable that task may be. Even more significant is the new attitude toward those realities with which religion, metaphysics, and poetry have always been concerned but which so many nineteenth-century scientists dismissed as phantoms for the simple reason that they did not know how to measure or account for them.

No one could have less patience than Sir Julian has with superstition, guesswork, revelation, or wishful thinking. But he knows that the elusive and intangible realities are really real. And he knows that this admission means the end of the attitude so neatly summed up in the pronouncement "I don't believe in the soul because I can't find it in my test tube." It means the end of positivism, of anything resembling the nineteenth-century version of materialism, mechanism, and determinism. Mind, consciousness, choice, and purpose (human purpose even if no other is in all the universe) are as real as anything and more important than most things. A science which does not recognize them is arid and utterly unfit to dominate a civilization.

Dismissing all the dualisms—natural-supernatural, material-spiritual, body-mind, and mind-spirit—Sir Julian is a monist in the simple sense that he sees them all as equally real aspects of the same thing. Of this single reality the dynamic aspect is evolution—which means not merely change or even merely increased complexity but the development of what Mr. Huxley is willing to call self—evidently "higher" in some meaningful sense.

THE first sector of evolution was inorganic (the suns and planets); the second was organic; the third human. Of these the organic is inconceivably slow—the life of a star being of the appalling order of 10^{12} years. The second is so much faster that the entire evolution of life from the precellular to man occurred during a period of time far, far shorter than that of the life of a single star. The

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Dr. Teller and the Spirit of Adventure

NO ONE can say exactly where sanity must take hold if human history is to continue. Madness has a way of multiplying when unconfined. Yet if a beginning is to be made, it seems logical to look for it somewhere in the area of control over those weapons that can fracture whole continents in war and that are contaminating life in peace. Beyond such controls, of course, is the need to deal with basic causes of world tensions and unrest.

One man, however, may be pivotal in blocking even an attempt at a beginning in arms control. It is the man who devised America's first thermonuclear weapon. Dr. Edward Teller has taken it upon himself to persuade the American people against the desirability even of seeking an end to nuclear testing—and such a ban is intimately connected with the entire problem of bringing the mass killers under control.

Dr. Teller's first major public activity in this connection was a visit to the White House, where he sought to remove any doubts the President may have held about the dangers of radioactive fallout. Dr. Teller told the President that he was working on what he termed a "clean" hydrogen or thermonuclear bomb. The visit is believed to have undercut whatever plans may have been in the making for a genuine effort to seek workable agreements on cessation of testing and controls over nuclear weapons in general.

The second major public activity by Dr. Teller was an article in *Life* magazine. Here he went even beyond the reported interview with the President. He declared that there was virtually no health hazard in nuclear testing. He sought to refute the 9,000 scientists throughout the world who had signed a statement making known their deep and growing apprehension over radioactive fallout. He claimed that the amount of radiation involved in nuclear explosions, in terms of its direct effect on the individual, was less than he would receive from a wrist watch with a radium dial. He appealed to the sense of adventure in the American people.

Most recently, Dr. Teller appeared on the television program "Meet the Press." Here he went far beyond anything he had said or written before. He declared flatly there was no danger to public health from radioactive fallout produced by nuclear explosions. He said that nuclear testing would have to go on "indefinitely." And he referred once again to the fact that a "clean" hydrogen bomb was not too many years away.

If this is the way Dr. Teller feels then he has the right and indeed the duty to state his case. But it is equally the duty of those who are appalled by his arguments to make their own views known.

THE most startling thing about Dr. Teller's total position is that he makes claims which even the United States Atomic Energy Commission has specifically avoided. The Atomic Energy Commission has stated, in a committee report issued on October 19, 1957, that maximum permissible dosages for large populations would be exceeded if testing were to be continued indefinitely. Up to now no scientist, whatever his opinion concerning the present danger, has baldly stated that tests could continue indefinitely without serious risk. Dr. Teller thus sets himself against even his colleagues on the Atomic Energy Commission.

Next, Dr. Teller has chosen to ignore other specific facts in the possession of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission:

1. In 1954 the Atomic Energy Commission undertook a research survey to determine whether the nation's milk was being affected by radioactive fallout from nuclear testing. Levels of radioactive strontium in milk were considered well under danger limits at the time. Even so, Dr. Willard F. Libby recommended that cost estimates be obtained for decontaminating the nation's milk. It would seem strange that if no danger, actual or potential, existed, as Dr. Teller now claims, that it should be necessary to consider ways of decontaminating the milk supply.

2. A similar survey for the AEC in 1954 found that there were detectable quantities of the poisonous radioactive strontium in every one of twenty-four soil samples taken from farms in Wisconsin and Illinois. Because of the favorable content of calcium in the soil, it was felt that some measure of counteractive protection existed. Even so, one farm south of Chicago was not rich in natural calcium. Continued fallout could be a problem in this case, and in all other cases where the soil is not calcium-rich. There are many areas of the world where the soil is calcium-poor. We have no way of confining radioactive fallout to our own country, nor the Russians to theirs, nor the British to theirs.

3. A report for the AEC made public very recently revealed that radioactive strontium in the bones of American adults has increased 30 per cent as the result of nuclear tests. The radioactive strontium in the bones of children has increased 50 per cent, according to the same report. The reason for the additional hazard in the case of children is that the growth-process utilizes calcium for bone-building; and the body mistakes the poisonous strontium for calcium. This increase in strontium in the bones of human beings is now very small alongside what it will be five years from now, to say nothing of what it will be twenty-five years from now. Only a tiny fraction of the radioactive strontium in the atmosphere has come to earth so far. At the end of twenty-eight years, the radioactive strontium in the air still retains half its strength. Every particle of radioactive strontium taken into the body is stored by the body and gains in its power to do harm with every additional particle that is ingested through food or fluid. The exposure is cumulative.

Even more astounding are the in-

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WANTED: EFFECTIVE POWERS

I AGREE MOST heartily with N.C.'s "Wanted: Two Billion Angry Men" (*SR* Feb 1). I hope we may hear more from him about the horror and uselessness of nuclear tests and of the unlimited, unthinking national sovereignties which continue them. Certainly the United Nations should be made into a "body with the effective powers of world law."

EDNA P. LEGG.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PLAGUE OF ATOMISM

I CAME ACROSS another stimulating thought along N.C.'s lines in Albert Einstein's "Out of My Later Years." He said, in part, that were the world threatened by an epidemic of bubonic plague we would bring experts together. After they had reached the right ways and means of combatting it, we would get busy and control it. There would be no thought of national lines. Nor would we handle the matter in such a way that our nation would be spared, "whereas the next one would be decimated." Wouldn't it be great if we could think of this threat of "atomism" as a plague rather than a political and military problem?

WALLACE KIRKLAND.

Oak Park, Ill.

HUMAN UNITY

PERHAPS WE ARE on the verge of discovering other worlds for purposes beyond the mere desires of human inquisitiveness. Meanwhile, our best hope is to build up the United Nations—our one hope of world unity.

DOROTHY GILPIN ALLEN.

Winchester, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Because of the large number of requests,* SR *has arranged for reprints of the editorial "Wanted: Two Billion Angry Men" at the following rates: 10¢ each for fewer copies than ten; 3¢ each, from ten to 100; $2.50 per 100; $20 per 1,000 (postage included). Please send orders to Circulation Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.*

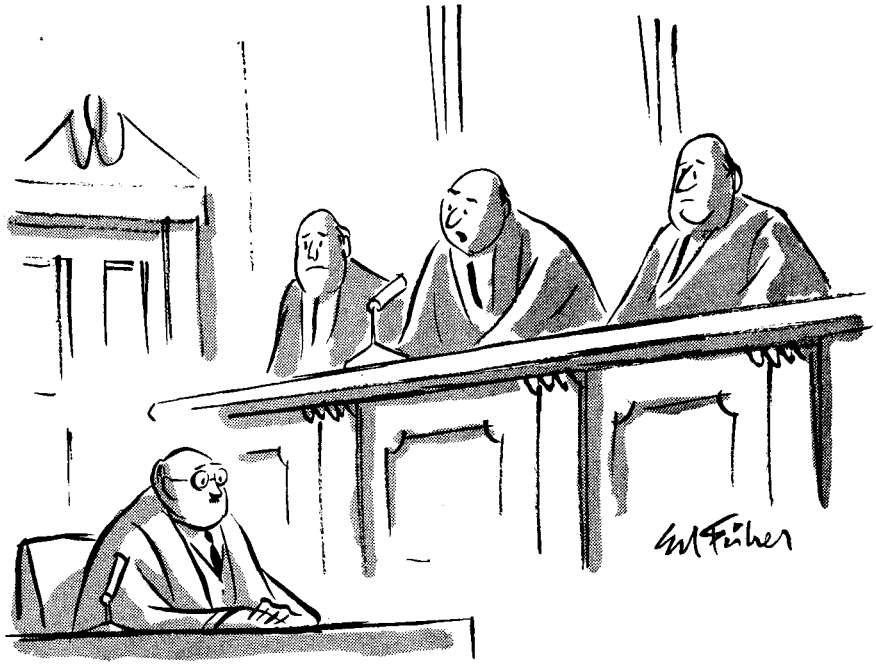
STRANDED FULBRIGHTER

I WAS FINISHING a year of studying Greek literature in Germany on a Fulbright Scholarship when the opportunity came to make a cheap trip to Moscow for the World Youth Festival. Being naturally curious, I jumped at the chance to see something of Russia. When the invitation was issued to visit China, I was equally glad to accept; I did not feel that any responsible citizen could afford to miss an opportunity of learning something about how one-quarter of the world's population is living. I thought that my trip was entirely consistent with the Fulbright program's aim of promoting international understanding. Certainly I learned far more about the world and its problems from six weeks in China than I did from one year in Europe.

When I returned to Europe to continue my studies, however, I learned that my return passage to the United States, guaranteed me under the provisions of the Fulbright grant, had been blocked by the Department of State since the beginning of the China trip. Repeated questioning of the Fulbright Commission in Germany and the American Embassy in Vienna brought to light the fact that the State Department would not make a decision as to whether or not to honor my return passage until *after* a decision has been reached on the status of my passport, to be determined in a hearing at some future date. How the Passport Office got mixed up in the Fulbright Commission's business, perhaps only Dulles knows. Meanwhile, it looks like State Department bureaucracy has left me stranded in Europe indefinitely.

FREDERIC D. GRAB.

Vienna, Austria.



"You mean to say you were his analyst for five years and never knew he was paying you out of union funds?"

CONGENIAL LEARNING

"THERE IS something congenial and comforting about sitting to learn . . .," says "New Worlds in Education" (*SR* Feb. 15). How true. Those words conjure up a picture of the schoolroom of the future where the seats will be comfortable seats, upholstered seats, seats that tilt back for congenial learning. At the front of every classroom there will be a television screen. The messy blackboard with its dusty chalk-tray will be gone, just as the little round hole for the ink bottle has gone from the desks of today's pupils. On the desks of the future there will not even be a groove for the ball-point pen. In its place there will be a set of buttons and a pair of earphones. Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, and congenial. There seems no doubt at all but that society as a whole will be much happier. Reading is such work.

E. G. HUNTINGTON.

Vineyard Haven, Mass.

TEASING TEAZLE

IN DISCUSSING the introduction to Stanislaus Joyce's book "My Brother's Keeper: James Joyce's Early Years," by Richard Eliman (*SR* Feb. 8), David Daiches states: "Surely anyone literate enough to be interested in James Joyce does not need to be told that Sir Peter Teazle is a character in 'The School for Scandal'." Well, Mr. Daiches, we here in America need to be told many things that are taken for granted elsewhere. Being able to read and write English, I consider myself literate enough to be interested not only in James Joyce but in a whole range of subjects from the Dead Sea Scrolls to all the various Sputniks and Explorers, but I would not have been able to identify Sir Peter Teazle. I venture to add that in more than one library in America there lurks a literate Joyce reader who couldn't identify Sir Peter. I'm with *you,* Mr. Ellman.

MARGE MYERS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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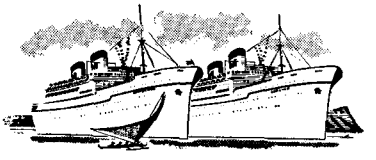

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SPRING AND THE TRAVELER

—H. S.

IT WAS the edge of spring and the ice was turning at last to water in the lakes of Yosemite. In Phoenix and St. Pete the air was full of hustle and liniment. The big liners swung out of the Caribbean and geared for the summer shuttle to Southampton and Le Havre. There were jonquils in the windows, faraway folders on the corner of many a desk and, in many an American mind, faraway thoughts began to creep like a slow blush into the conscious corners of the brain.

For the stirring soul at springtime SR *offers an album of ideas—thoughts on the phenomenon of Lourdes marking its first hundred years; some explorations off the main Italian roads; on-the-scene reports by* SR's *own writers on tourism-and-the-*Wirtschaftswunder *in Germany, and the excitement that is bubbling in the Pacific. There is a festival calendar listing the places where bassoons will echo in the dells this summer. And lest anyone be entertaining a notion about staying in the roost and worrying over the recession, its existence and its effect on summer journeys is examined, and all but rejected. Lilacs are just around the corner, and it is no season for the lachrymose.* —H. S.

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF LOURDES

1. MIRACLES EXPLAINED, *by Dr. Manuel Manrique, Spanish-born Catholic, psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, author of "Dark is the River."*
2. THE SHRINE EXPLORED, *by Neville Braybrooke, British travel writer and frequent* SR *contributor on his Continental journeys.*
3. WERFEL REMEMBERED, *by B. W. Huebsch, a director of Viking Press, publishers of "A Song of Bernadette," the novel of Lourdes by Franz Werfel.*

1. MIRACLES EXPLAINED

By MANUEL MANRIQUE, M.D.

IT IS not intended to pass judgment here on the validity of theological and religious concepts of miracles. The task is simply to comment, briefly, upon some formulations of the mental processes at work behind the phenomena called *miracles.* Along these lines, let us mainly consider the type of *miracle* that consists of visions, apparitions, or revelations, with which Lourdes has long been associated.

In our modern cultural and scientific civilization, extraordinary events take place which would have been considered miracles a few decades ago. Such extraordinary events can be related to the concepts of time and space. The interplay of cosmic time and space make it possible for phenomena of this kind not only to take place, but to be repeated, given time enough and the necessary dimensions of space. In contradistinction, a miracle cannot be judged in terms of cosmic or temporal time, nor does it occupy any real place in space. It is plausible to apply the concept of time and space to natural phenomena, or to any event measurable in terms of logic, continuity, repetition, possibility, probability and even unexpectancy, but the *miracle* is ruled only by faith —*Credo qui absurdum.*

Faith considers the miracle a true and real happening. However, no matter what the religious belief, a vision or apparition can be studied with more objectivity from a psychodynamic point of view. If we approach the study of *miracles* as psychic phenomena resulting from the interplay of various mental mechanisms which are now known to us, we gain a more basic scientific perspective.

Let us now consider a person having a vision. He is, perhaps, alone in the middle of the countryside, and suddenly he *sees* the image of the Virgin Mary or that of some other saintly or holy symbol. Faith will dictate to him that the perception is real. Yet, objectively, it may be explained in very simple psychological terms. The visual image, or miracle, is not truly a sensorial perception, but rather a projection of an inner image incorrectly referred by the individual as belonging to the external world. Hamlet seeing the ghost, or Don Quixote transforming windmills into giants, or in fact, any person dreaming, are all really confronted with a vision, a vision similar in certain respects to that of a miracle. Dreams are but hallucinated fantasies, and the real difference between a dream and a miraculous vision is the state of the person involved. In the dream formation, the person is asleep; in the vision of miracle, the individual is awake or partially awake in a state of trance. Nevertheless, in a miraculous vision, there is at play a powerful moral force eliminating all the bizarre and obscene contents which are so often present in dreams and hallucinations.

The miracle of vision in a way represents a choice of sublimated identity through which a new and better image of repressed unconscious desires find fulfilment in a symbolic manner. A passive attitude toward life will accentuate the craving for protection and enhance the necessity to invent a powerful figure, if one is not available. Well known are the confabulatory ideas of children regarding their own origin. They substitute the parental images for better ones of their own choosing. This denial of the parents satisfies the child's need for omnipotence and, of all possible substitutes, none is more suitable than God.

Loneliness and despair offer fertile ground for the occurrence of miracles because of the need to fill the void of loneliness with a strong figure—one's own bodily representation disguised in the corporal entity of the beloved. In the case of the visionary, the image most needed and loved is a holy symbol which is projected into reality and is then perceived as coming from the outside. Powerful forces behind this mental manipulation are the craving for companionship and protection.

In most cases of reported miracles, perception has been at the level of optic or acoustic senses; other senses are rarely involved in this phenomena. This corresponds to the idea the individual has regarding his own body in space, the idea being mainly referred to in terms of a visual concept of the body. Primitive man converted into a corporal configuration not only the forces of nature, but everything which he strove to comprehend as well. In the same way, the faithful trying to gain a better understanding of God, will not only give Him physical form but will attempt to materialize Him as a "real" perception. This is done to gratify the need for protection as well as to conjure, to appease or to bribe the idol. This dual aim of receiving protection from and also fearing the same idol is the result of two opposite instinctual drives—rebellion and submission, love and hate. The materialization of a beloved holy image tends to satisfy these drives, since by means of such magic manipulation the individual achieves direct contact with God or his subrogators.

It is a remarkable fact that the Virgin Mary is the symbol that appears in the majority of visions. These manifestations are wish-fulfilments of the not unusual type a little girl may have when she entertains the unconscious desire to keep her mother away from the beloved father and then develops the fantasy that her mother is a virgin, or, that her mother is away and has become inaccessible to the father. A vision of the image of the Virgin Mary would fulfill these re-

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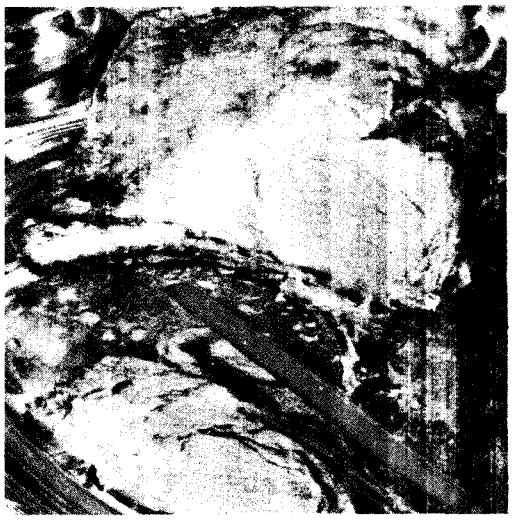
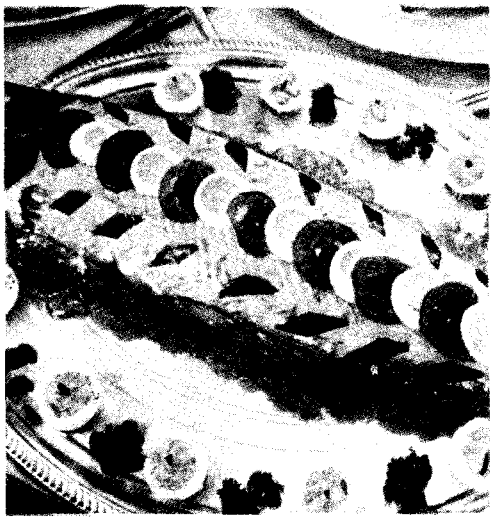
Traveler's Guide to good food in Britain

THE BRITISH BREAKFAST. Gargantuan is the word. Where else can you order mixed grill, smoked kipper and finnan haddie? Tea is the national eye-opener. But most hotels offer coffee as a choice.

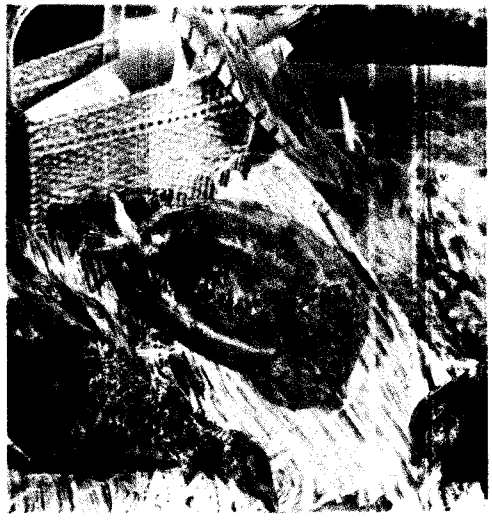
THE BRITISH TEA CEREMONY. Victorian wits called it a "bun-worry." Tea includes buns, cakes, tarts, crumpets, muffins, and exquisite little sandwiches. Go North for scones. Go West for Devonshire Cream.



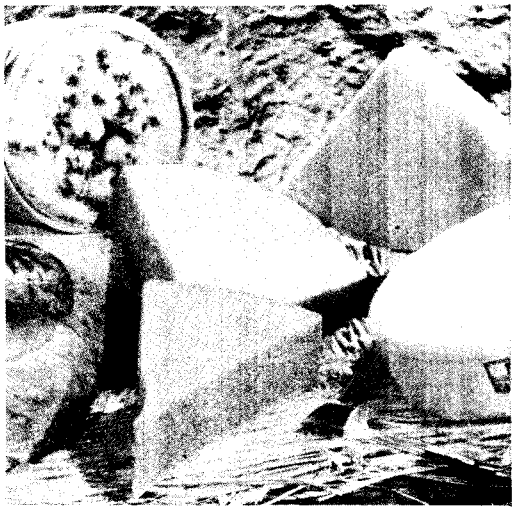
ROAST BEEF. The roast beef of Old England is here in all its glory. The British do not smother meat with rich sauces. Steaks come thick and rare. Southdown lamb gets a touch of red currant jelly.



HEAVENLY FISH. No place in Britain is more than 75 miles from the sea. The fish almost jump into the pot. Above is a Scotch salmon. Gourmets leave home for it. Likewise, for English oysters.



UNBEATABLE GAME. British cooks really *understand* game. Grouse from Scotland. Partridge and pheasant from the great estates. Order a bottle of claret. British cellars are the envy of the world.



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quirements. The Saint would then represent the holy image of the mother, in fact pure and accessible only to the girl's own wishes. No one else is able to see the vision; thus the mother is eluded as a rival, preserved in a revered position and kept away from the father.

A vision is the private domain of the visionary, and within it all unconscious cravings may be vented without the risk of punishment. Furthermore, the sense of continuity and the need for survival impels the individual toward a belief in permanence and eternity. Here again the materialization of a sacred image, believed to be immortal, can magically satisfy these cravings.

In the Spanish mystics, for instance, we find a different example of visionary experience. The mystic erased the entire Universe in order to remain alone in the contemplation of God. Every barrier separating him from the ultimate vision had to be destroyed. In psychoanalytical terms, this is a form of sublimation. The body as a physical, biological entity is an insufferable burden for the mystic; it is a barrier separating him from that ideal of the ego—God. It is eloquently expressed in the words of Santa Teresa —"I die because I do not die." This mechanism is at variance with the mental processes of persons involved in miracles where there is no need for denial of the material world or of their own body.

Once the miracle has occurred, the stage is set. The place at which the miracle has been reported becomes the mecca of the sick and the maimed. They come in long, interminable processions, intoning prayers and singing to the glory of God. The attainment of a state of well-being through prayer, rituals and the general atmosphere of magical expectation may produce a better organic base for recession of pathological disturbances.

However, from a psychosomatic point of view, religious cures may be given a theoretical explanation based purely upon the mental forces at work. In a general sense, we may consider two different kinds of cures:

a) The physical cure which is a natural reparation of normal physiological functions, eliminating the cause; and
b) magic cures achieved through prayer, sacrifice, atonement and rituals and even the use of certain specific words or symbols.

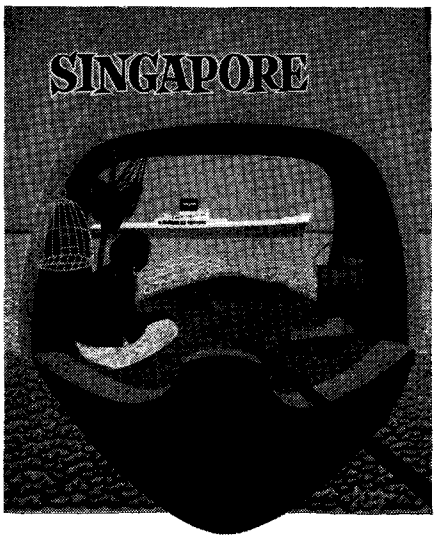
In the first instance, the reparation of physiological functions may occur spontaneously through natural healing processes always at work. This type of cure may be accentuated or accelerated if the individual reaches a state of joy and contentment. Through his presence at and participation in ritualistic and liturgic ceremonies, the individual finds release from his tensions through gratitude, dedication and identification, or integration of the self, with the mass of sufferers around him. Actually this is nothing new or extraordinary. From the time of primitive man religious yearnings for cure has always been present.

First, Holy Unction was the magic healer; then, Extreme Unction—a ritual preparing the sick to accept death as eternal survival. In the case of miracles, cures are mostly psychological phenomena of the type called psychic conversion. They do not represent real suppression of the etiological factor but simply the modification of a symptom. Even the Church, more conservative and realistic than the common believer, has accepted as valid only a very small proportion of the reported "miracles."

A person suffering from psychosomatic illness, such as muscular contractures or paralysis due to a hysterical neurotic conversion, may well find at least a transitory modification of his symptoms by participating in an experience like Lourdes. The illness may represent the unconscious need for self-punishment; in this case, through atonement and sympathetic dependence upon the symbol of the Virgin, the feeling of guilt may be eased to the point that punishment is no longer needed—a process which may bring about the recession of symptoms. On other occasions, the disease may be considered by the faithful as a reward, as proof that he has been singled out by Divinity, that he has been selected for salvation through suffering. His participation in liturgic ceremonies, his physical contact with the idol and his need for denial of the disease, may also bring amelioration in cases of psychosomatic illness.

MOST reported cures have been described as cessation of paralysis, relaxation of muscular contractures, return of sight in the blind, and restoration of speech in the mute. It is noteworthy that all described disturbances fit into the category of hysterical manifestation without organic cause. The same diseases may, however, have a definite organic base. If these illnesses are of neurotic origin, it is not far-fetched to assume that "miraculous cures" are only symptom modifications of a more or less transitory nature.

But, inasmuch as such a transitory amelioration of symptoms may occasionally occur, whatever the scientific analytical explanation, one cannot wholly condemn those who dream.



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2. THE SHRINE EXPLORED

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

ONCE upon a time, a hundred years ago, a girl of fourteen called Bernadette Soubirous was sent out to collect sticks. It was a bitterly cold day and because, even at this early age, she suffered from asthma, she hesitated several minutes before starting to follow her sister and school-friend across the river—a moment of indecision that was destined to make a small town on the banks of the Gave into one of the largest centers of pilgrimage in the world.

Bernadette hesitated, then began to kick off her sabots and peel off her stockings; but as she did so a great wind beat about her and yet nothing moved—neither the trees nor the shrubs in this field with its outcropping of rock. Next there came a second rush of wind and this time, high in a cleft above the Massabielle cavern, appeared "a girl in white, no bigger than myself, who greeted me with a slight bow of the head . . ." This might be the beginning of a fairytale, one approach to the story of Lourdes.

Another might be through the guitarist of the Bon Dieu, Père Aimé Duval, whose "Tap your sabots, Bernadette," may well become one of the international song-hits of 1958. If there is a contrast between these approaches, then it is a contrast that also meets the traveler as he walks through the town for the first time. For there would seem to be two spirits abroad in the place—that of the Rue de la Grotte with its tremendous commercialization of religion, its sugarcoated statues, and its luxury rosaries carved from Pyrenean marble, and that of the Grotto where Bernadette came on her search for firewood and where she saw the beautiful Lady in the rock.

Here there are always thousands of candles burning, and on the far side of the cave there are thousands of crutches left by the cured—some of them always quite new. Fire and water are religious symbols and maybe what is asked and besought by fire can only be solved and answered by water.

The *Piscines* are the Baths of Lourdes: they stand between the Grotto and a row of taps from which pilgrims can fill their flasks from the 40,000 gallons that flow daily just as a century ago the peasants and townspeople came to carry out the Lady's command—"Go and drink and wash yourself at the spring." Every morning and afternoon the sick are lined up here, waiting to be dipped.

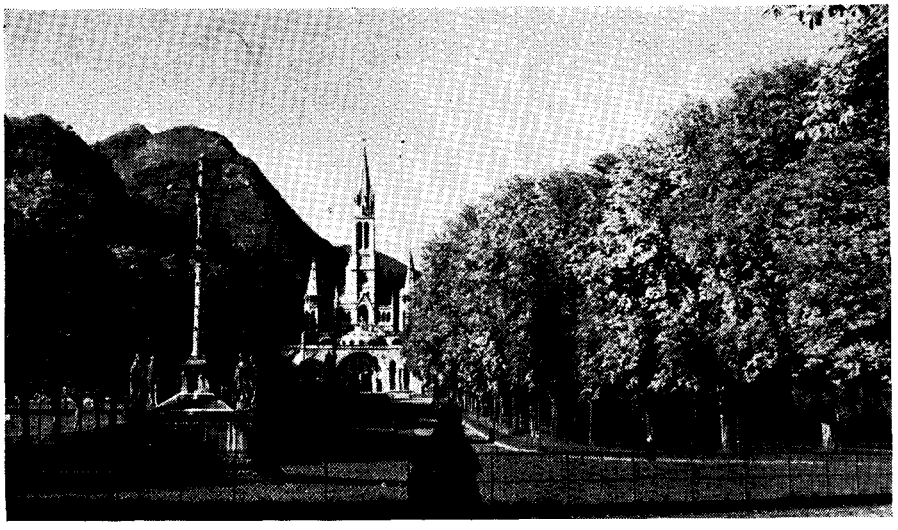
But not only the sick wait; many enter the water merely as an act of faith. The first time I entered the *Piscines* I was surprised to find how small they were. Zola's novel about Lourdes had led me to expect something in the nature of an indoor swimming pool, with changing rooms attached.

Recently the old baths have been rebuilt—although within an hour of opening the water is still as gray and scummy as ever. As you descend the steps, so two brancardiers take you by the arm in preparation for the moment when you will have to lie back. In the meantime, facing you on the far wall, printed in different languages, are a number of prayer-cards: the English one begins, "O my God . . ."—an exhortation beyond which few pilgrims reach since the iciness of the stream takes any further breath away! This frequent occurrence is a standing joke between the brancardiers and the sick. Lourdes is not at all a gloomy place.

No towels are provided, and yet none have ever been known to catch either a cold or an infection from entering the same water as a sick person. This is the perpetual miracle of the stream—and by a curious coincidence its course from the Grotto through the *Piscines* and back to the Gave covers that area which was originally used (before the first Apparition) as a hospital-tip for infected lints and swabs.

LOURDES is not for the squeamish and some have feared to go, remembering the 30,000 sick admitted every year to its hospitals and thinking that they may be entering, only on a vaster scale, one of those grim institutions set up in 1919 for the *mutilés de guerre*. Yet this is to misunderstand the messages of the Lady, with their insistence on the need for prayer and penance. For although the number of those who leave cured is infinitesimal compared with the numbers of those that arrive, never have I met or heard of one person who regretted the journey and the physical or financial hardships that it may have entailed; there invariably remain the abiding consolations of the spirit.

During this centenary year preparations have been made to enlarge the airport at Ossun to deal with regular flights from America, Ireland, and England. Outside, in the hills, the Cité de St. Pierre has been built to house those pilgrims that cannot afford to pay—a reminder of the poverty of the Soubirous family. In the town itself over 600 hotels are well booked up in advance and soon the Basilica of Pius X, capable of holding 25,000 people, will be opened. This has been built underground and might be described as a submarine of a church. That is a phrase with an oddly modern ring and yet perhaps echoing at the same time that other title of the Lady, Star of the Sea, by which once upon a time, twelve centuries ago, she was invoked in these parts when the Mohammedan commander surrendered the town's citadel, became a Christian, and chose for baptism the name Lorus—from which was derived the word Lourdes.



The Basilica at Lourdes—"not for the squeamish."

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3. WERFEL REMEMBERED

By B. W. HUEBSCH

FRANZ WERFEL's "Song of Bernadette" sprang into instant popularity, but there was something about the nature of its general acceptance that set it apart from other "best sellers" of its day and indeed of other days. The theme was beautiful, but it was one already known to millions; the presentation represented impeccable skill, but the author's renown had already been established wherever books were read. In this new work, however, the author rose above himself: he took an incident from modern history that was held in reverence by adherents of the Roman Catholic Church but was treated with skepticism—not to use a harsher word—by all others, and retold the story as transmuted in his imagination. But to his acknowledged greatness as a storyteller there was added a factor without which "The Song" would have been just another of the first-rate novels that one expected from Franz Werfel: it was the close familiarity with Bernadette Soubirous's vision that he gained at Lourdes itself, in a moment of grave peril.

Primarily a poet, as responsive as an unspoiled child to the charm of myths and folk-tales, born and reared in a Catholic Empire, Werfel, seeking to escape the Nazi plague and, by chance, halting in his flight at the very locus of the miracle, could not fail to be fully sensitized to the impressions that the shrine evoked. In his own words, "In that moment of great anguish I solemnly promised that I would lay aside all other work to sing the song of Bernadette if I succeeded in escaping the surrounding perils and in reaching the sanctuary of American shores." Once settled in the United States (to which he was no stranger) he dedicated himself to the fulfilment of his vow, and one may conjecture that the task engaged his heart more than any other book of his; perhaps because it was a spontaneous outpouring of gratitude and affection the story won its extraordinary response. Roman Catholic readers perceived in its worldly success something that might be called a secular beatification of their rare heroine, and the skeptics, though not accepting the supernatural (as, indeed, Werfel did not ask his readers to do), recognized new meanings, wider connotations in the tale; they neither scoffed nor prayed, but bowed to beauty. "The Song" is invested with an indefinable quality that the public promptly sensed; does one dare to suggest the word "inspiration."

Though more than sixteen years old "The Song of Bernadette" continues to be widely read; millions of copies in various editions and in many languages have been sold. Two-fifths of the world's population cannot read; they can see and hear the wonderful story in a film which won even the admiration of many people who can, and do, read. Werfel thought the film an excellent version of his book, but his opinion of the motion picture as an art form was that it would not become pure art until it was completely free of commercialization. "The secret of the good motion picture of the future," he said, "is that it can never be brewed in a chemical, synthetic way by many brains but that it must be conceived and born by the strong soul of real authorship. Then it will be not only an adjunct of literature but a new art."

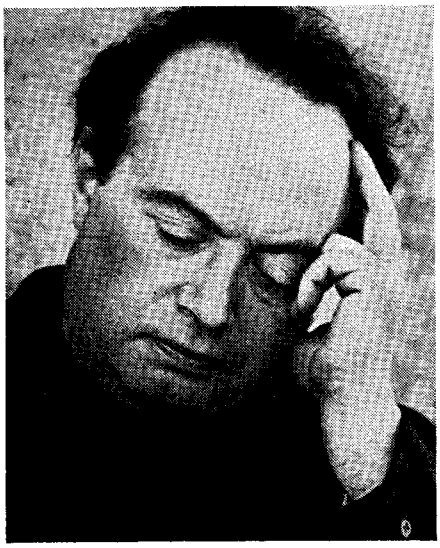
There was no more delightful companion than Franz Werfel. In his hours of ease he contributed his share to the serious conversation, or to the light humor, according to the occasion. His talk was witty, his humor irresistible. He listened well. He got along with all kinds of people and especially plain, ordinary beings; scholars there were aplenty.

Apropos of "Bernadette": while the story was on the high wave of success a religious novel called "The Robe" was mounting a parallel wave. Werfel, having noticed the attention the book was getting, asked me one day, "What is this 'Robe' that people are talking about?" And I told him the theme as I had gathered it from reviews. He wagged his head in acknowledgment; then, with twinkling eyes and the suspicion of a grin, ejaculated, "Protestant competition!" And here it may be appropriate to say that Werfel was not a Catholic but a Jew, and that the frequent reports of his conversion were without foundation.

SOMETHING prompted me to call for *The Book-of-the-Month Club News* for June 1942 before I began to write this piece. The Club had chosen "The Song of Bernadette" for distribution that month, and I was curious to be reminded of how it was presented to the members. I suffered a momentary pang on seeing three dear friends —now all gone—who were acquainted with each other in life united in those pages: the article introducing the new book was by Christopher Morley, the personal piece on the author was by Irwin Edman. And Franz Werfel's portrait looked out at me.

It is just like Morley to quote, "even the youngest curate has no answer" to the questions that Werfel raises in "The Song"; and one could trust Edman to detect that "Werfel was one of those literary rarities, an artist with a philosophical mind and a mystic's temper."

Franz, Chris, and Irwin. Would that one could believe in the supernatural if only to indulge oneself in the hope of hearing the pointed banter of those incomparable spirits . . . what talk!



Franz Werfel—a solemn promise.

—*Bettmann.*

Bernadette—a rush of wind.

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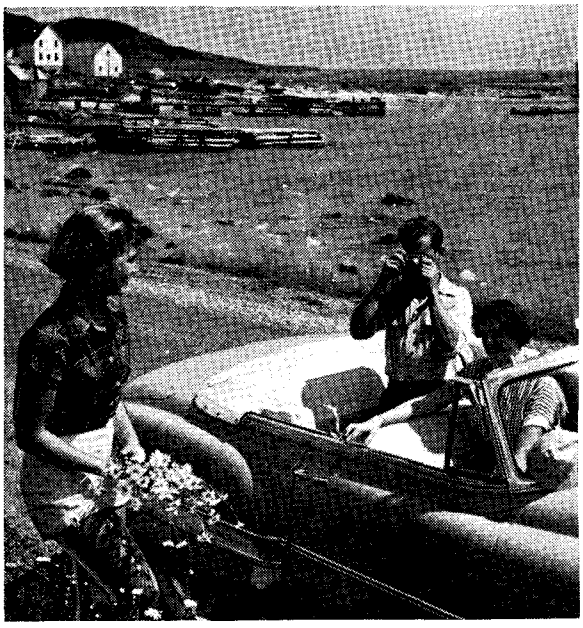

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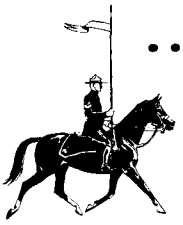

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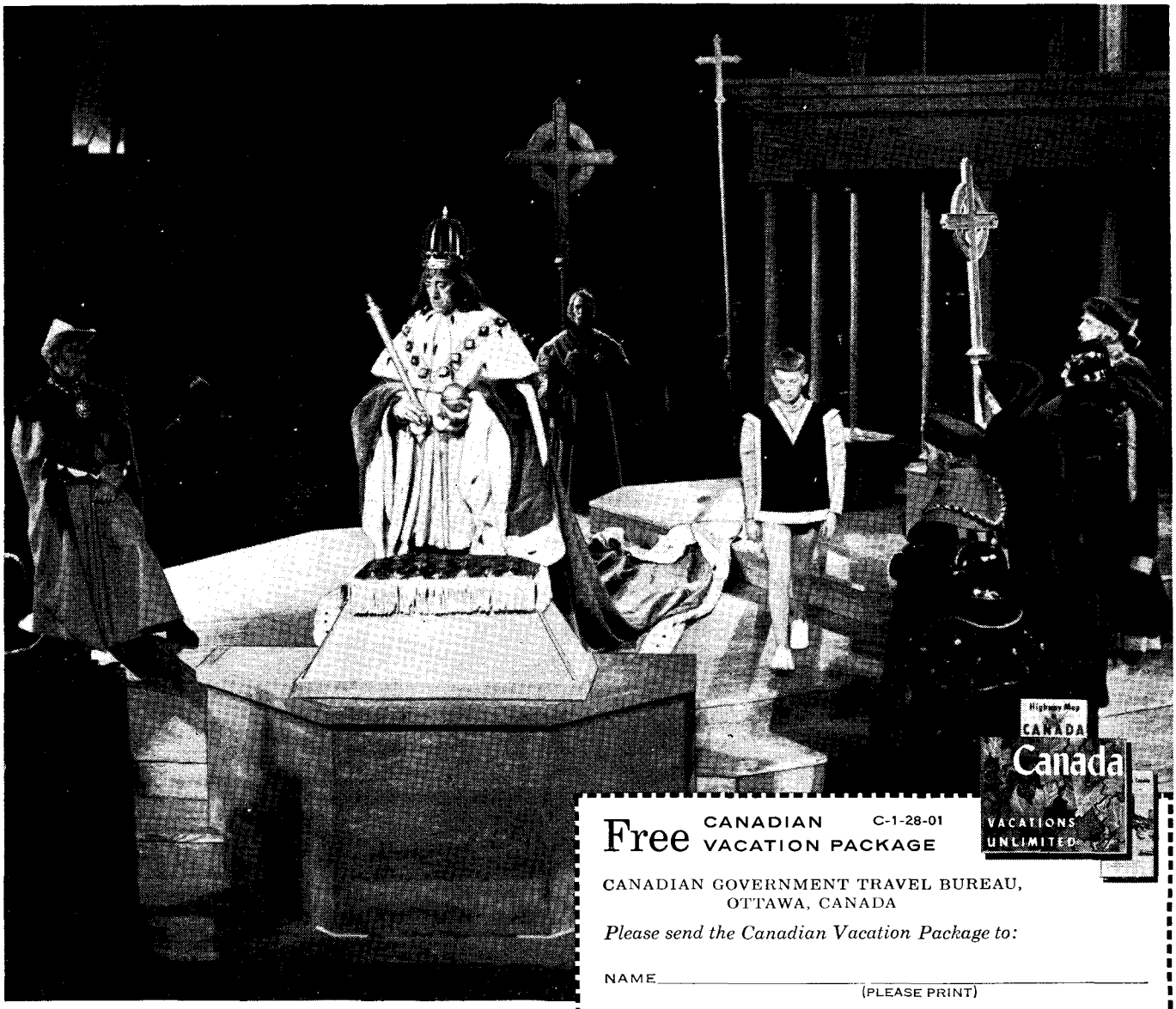

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Japan—"in 54,000 inns the pillows are beanbags, the baths are hot and steaming (and sometimes public), the service at once delicate and awesome."

—*H.S.*

THE PACIFIC

NEW WORLD IN THE WINGS

By HORACE SUTTON

THERE were two views in the glass-walled dining room of the Santa Barbara Biltmore, a seaside hotel cloaked in white, tiled in red, and reminiscent of the days when Spaniards were roamers in the West. One could look out the window, over the palms and ferns and bird-of-paradise blooms to the great combers crashing onto the deserted beach. Or one could gaze across the crowded room to the waves of delegates, to the men and women with the strange brown faces and accented tongues. In an hour they would be sitting in their meeting hall under signs that called back thoughts of Maugham, of Michener, of Nordhoff and Hall; that were reminders of distant, mystic political places that sometimes seemed only to be headlines in stale newspapers.

The signs said Fiji, Tahiti, Taiwan, Korea, Singapore, New Caledonia, the homelands of the delegates, over 300 of them who had journeyed from every corner of the great ocean that rose and fell, rolled and tossed and unraveled at last on the beach outside the window. They were representatives to the Pacific Area Travel Association's meeting designed to lure travelers to the strange lands where they lived. If only by their very presence here on the coast of California, the visitors were a sharp reminder to one who thought he was a world traveler (and knew he was occasionally jaded) that a whole new world lived on the far side of his.

The visitors had been urged to bring exhibits with them that would be symbolic of their countries, and some were dutiful and did. The team from Taiwan parked a red lacquered pedicab still bearing its Chinese markings, in front of the hotel. It was shortly embellished with a sign that read: *Footnik*. The Raffles Hotel of Singapore, that needed hardly to have sent more than a packet of stationery embossed with its exotic name, dispatched instead a gorgeous Eurasian who wore side-slit silk dresses and dark good looks that told you that the Orient was all that Sax Rohmer had promised. And there was, as well, the golden man who is the tourist commissioner of Burma and is also that nation's heavyweight boxing champion, who brought news of a new hotel being put up in that neutral country by Russians. His Indonesian confrère, president of that country's Council for Tourism, proved to be the Sultan of Jogjakarta, the only one among the 234 local rulers under the Dutch to have retained his powers under Sukarno.

THESE visitors and more had come to California to spur the interest of American travelers in the lands of the Pacific. Last year only a piddling 4 per cent of the one billion dollars that Americans spend on foreign travel went to the Pacific. But the figure mounted slowly, every day, and by 1960, so the Pacific carriers were promising, 25,000 more Americans

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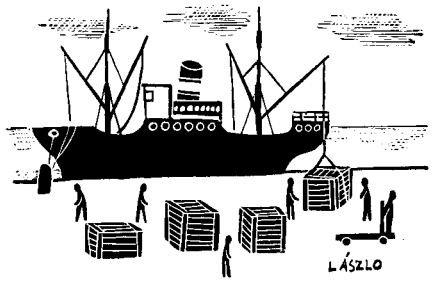

would course westward into that great ocean.

What could they expect? Well, said Singapore, they could expect crisp brown Pekin duck, melting birds nest soup, free port shopping, a whole street of watch and camera shops, an arcade of leather craftsmen who work in tiger skin, leopard, crocodile and lizard; they could expect a long street double-sided with stores packed with saris, sarongs, Chinese and Thai silks. They could expect shops displaying Persian, Indian and Chinese carpets; tailors who make suits in twenty-four hours, schooners, yachts, junks and sampans that thread their way through the harbor; bathers who motor out to beaches fifteen minutes from town; and sportsmen who consider badminton the national sport.

Well, said Tahiti, 15,000 people came last year, and this year the Te Vega, a luxury schooner will make many trips among the islands, Hawaii-Tahiti Air Cruises will run charters, and at long last, South Pacific Airlines is expected to begin flying boat service between Bora Bora and Papeete which still has no landing field. The first 36 units of a 100-room, half-a-million dollar hotel venture by Hawaiian interests will be ready for Bastille Day. Since there are only 200 hotel rooms existent in Tahiti now, and many of them rather informal at that, the development, however small, represents a tremendous increase in available space.

Taiwan implies that it is no mere redoubt for the free Chinese. It is also an emerald island of tall green hills where the Sun-Moon Lake is an hour from Taichung, and on the far side of it there is a village where dancing aborigine princesses dwell. In the urban centers five new hotels opened last year and there are now ten Western-style hotels with 300 rooms in Taipei alone.

JAPAN has opened new hotels, gotten old ones back from the U.S. Army, has four new buildings scheduled to open this year including a giant annex to the Imperial in Tokyo. That progressive establishment, which adds 450 rooms this year, maintains a language school for its employees, now has two cooks studying in Paris, one in Bonn, as well as one desk clerk

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at Cornell and another at City College of San Francisco, and a third touring the U.S.

Aside from the 1,000 new rooms which Japan will get this year, and its 100 Western hotels, it also offers a choice for the adventurous of some 54,000 Japanese style inns in which the pillows are beanbags, the baths are hot and steaming (and sometimes public), the food is served in one's quarters, and the service is at once delicate and awesome.

Visitors to Hawaii last year, an island string that is well discovered but barely explored, spent over $82 millions. Although hotel space increased over fifty per cent on Waikiki between 1951 and 1955, last summer many hotels along Surfboard Strip were overbooked.

Now there are two developments marked for the lovely island of Maui and three hotels planned for the Kona Coast on the strange volcanic island of Hawaii. And there are yet more plans for Waikiki. While gearing for the jet age which is almost sure to make it the *placque-tournant* for the vast romantic and largely unprobed islands of the Pacific that lie beyond it, Hawaii can already sense the trend of what's to come. Last year nearly half of all the 270,000 visitors who arrived from one direction or the other were destined to travel to points beyond. Where did they go? Where would others go in the exciting years ahead? Certainly to Fiji for a look, to Hong Kong for a suit, to Tahiti to see if it is all really true. And besides that there would be trips Down Under, excursions to the Philippines, to Fortress Formosa and tiny Laos which sent a delegate to Santa Barbara too. And if things got too hot there would be summer flights and summer cruises up the Canadian coast, northward into Alaska which after all, is washed by the Pacific too.

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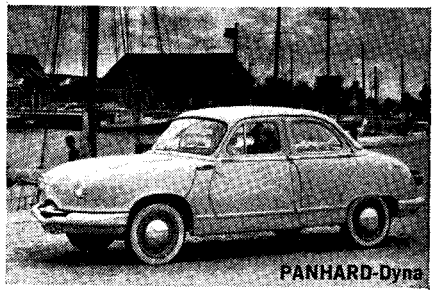

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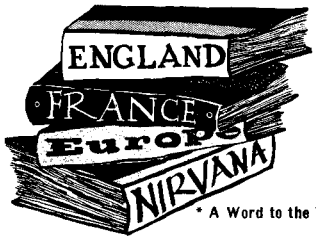

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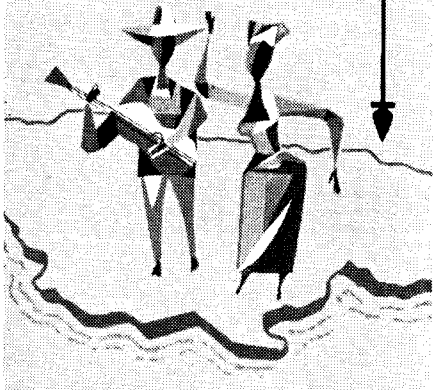

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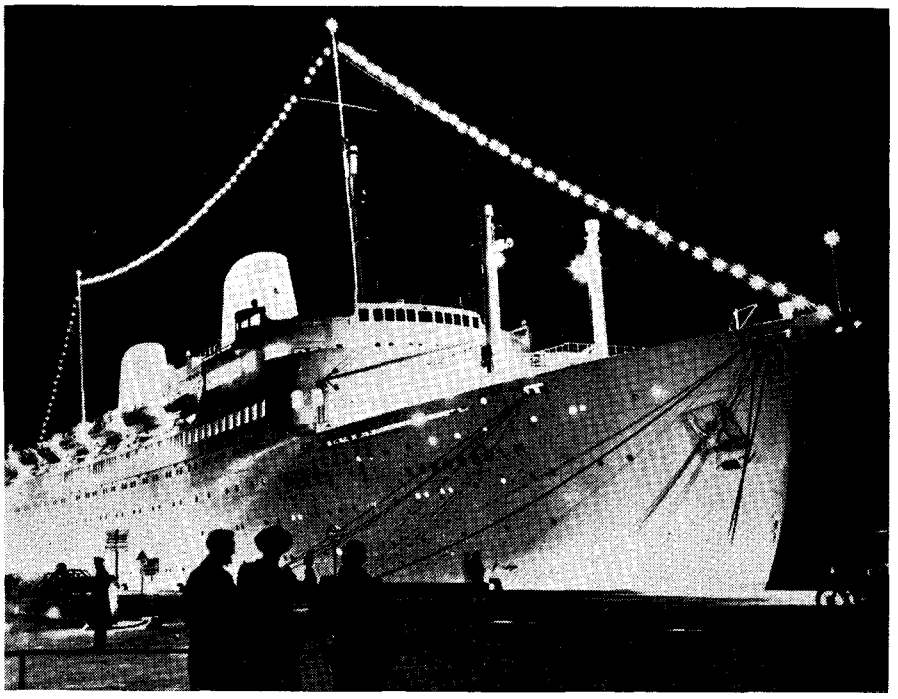
Travel '58: Rush or Recession?



The *Kungsholm* prepares to sail—"no wars, no palls, no gas-rationing, no *crise* of Suez."

By L. O. KEANEY

IT WOULD appear that while war, political upheavals, and gas rationing are enough to keep the traveler from making his appointed rounds, the presence of nothing more pressing than a Presidentially acknowledged national recession is hardly a deterrent. As far as Europe is concerned, it looks like boom, and if anything a little boomier than usual. The season has already passed the early booking stage without those palls of recent years. We are not enmeshed in the turmoil of a Korea that severely limited the first postwar rush. Europe is no longer entangled with last year's debacle, the *crise* of Suez, and the resultant touch-and-go problems of gas rationing and the heating and lighting cutbacks which went arm and arm with it.

The seers of the industry are calling 1958 as normal as blueberry pie, or perhaps *crêpes suzette*. Viewed from the distance of, say, eight weeks away, the season looms as the most normal year of two decades. Certainly, at the turn of this year things hardly looked this good. It seemed, in the throes of January, that the tourist-class passenger willing to sail in the teeth of business slump would at last have a late Spring crack at low-cost cabin. For one thing, the seers couldn't make out whether the collapse of the big-spending Miami season was due to the weather or the wallet. There were those who said it might have sagged even if the sun shone daily. There was, after all, the enigma of Acapulco which, except for a few hotels, had plenty of room to spare even though the thermometer thumped around the eighty-degree mark day after hot, sunny day. On the other hand, Mexico City, somewhat crippled by its earthquake of last year, was jammed to the rafters every weekend.

THE Caribbean, except for Haiti, Cuba, and the Dominican Republic, was for the most part a sellout, sometimes as deep as mid-April. The aforementioned three nations of the so-called western Caribbean were suffering from political upheaval. Haiti was still hurting from last year's prolonged revolutions. Cuba was smarting under the keep-them-off-balance tactics of Fidel Castro, and the Dominican Republic, long the center of outright autocracy, has never been able to make its form of government attractive to pleasure-bent travelers. But such resorts as Caneel Bay in St. John, Puerto Rico, Trinidad, and newly-found St. Maartens were SRO right into mid-spring.

There were those with economic

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dowsing rods who sensed that travelers were snapping up the Caribbean trips this winter in lieu of more expensive trips to Europe this summer. Hadn't the same thing happened last year when Suez crippled the European market early enough for travelers to change plans and substitute January in shorts for June in Chartres?

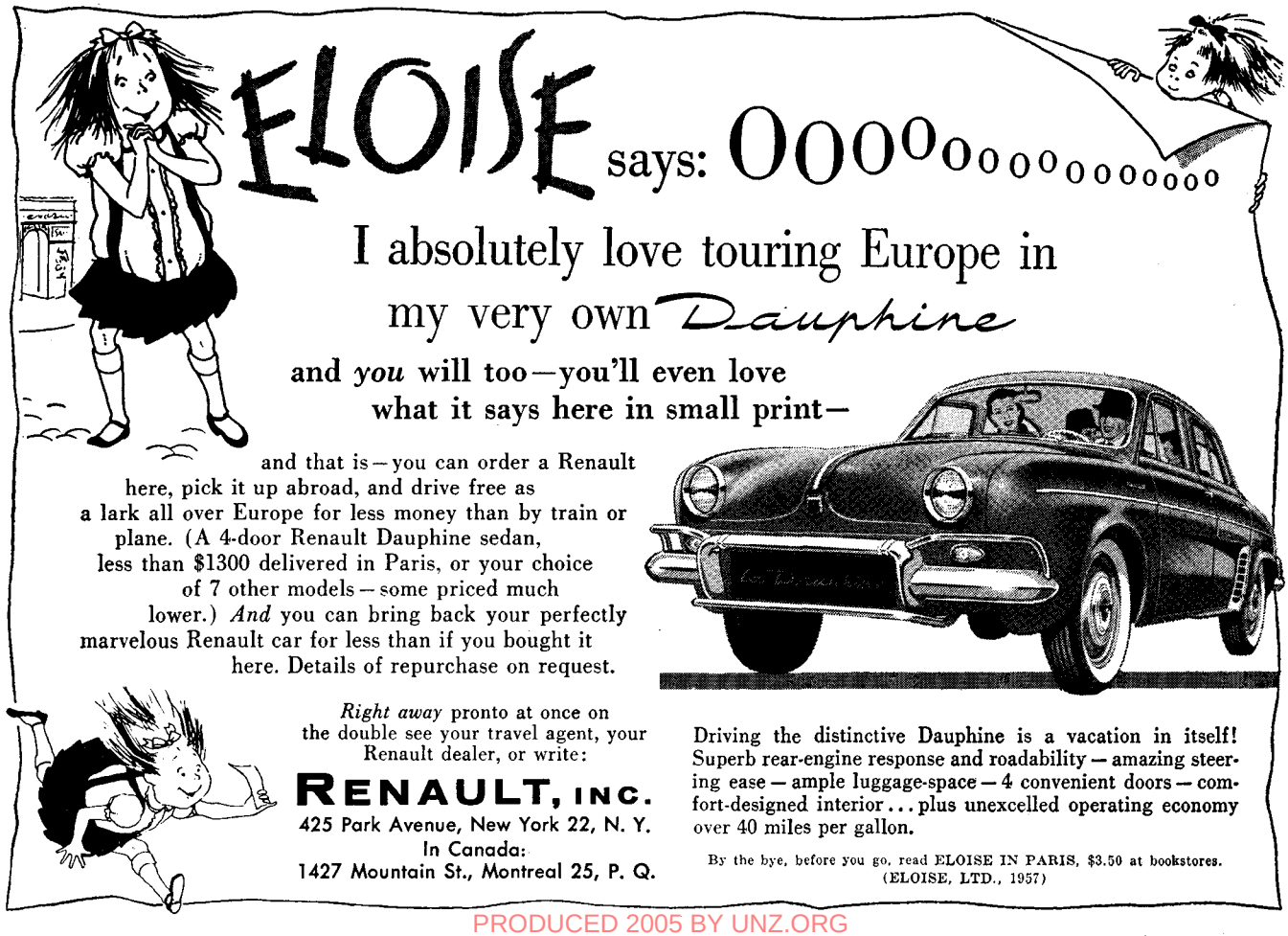
OUT on the West Coast, as 1957 slipped over the horizon, there were loud calls that low-cost trips into the Pacific (see page 38) were going begging even though expensive cruises and around the world explorations in sleek ships were a salable commodity. Much of this strange state of affairs, the dowsing-rod people say, was caused by the aircraft lay-offs and stretch-outs in the big West Coast plants. A stretch-out is an enforced delay in delivery requested by the purchaser (*i.e.* the government, in most cases), in order to stay within the limits of a budget. One of the coast's largest airplane builders cut back its own business travel last October by 60 per cent, both by limiting flights by executives and buying cheaper space instead of standard first-class seats.

Strangely enough, Russian successes in the upper orbits will result in a stronger travel year. The missile step-up program, instituted by this country after Washington acknowledged that the Soviet satellite was more than just a fairytale called Little Low Beep, has had wide reverberations. United Airlines, for instance, looks to a 7 per cent increase over all in spite of a bad January. It figures to carry 5 to 6 per cent more people to Hawaii, and as for *that* idyllic isle, its bookings are already ahead of last year, a bountiful one. After all, Suez was far from the surf.

In the East, factory workers do not make up much of the European travel market. It is hard to tell if a June strike in Detroit will seriously affect the flow to Europe. Certainly it will come too late to choke off the flow from this "blueberry pie" season. Clouds from this ephemeral recession have not yet darkened the world of the white-collar worker, the secretary, the young executives who make up the budget market. Nor have they dimmed the season for students. Parents seem willing to sacrifice in other quarters before denying their college youngsters the right to a "polishing off" trip abroad as a finale to a well-rounded education. Student travel bookings are well up.

All these economic ramifications aside, there are, as well, at least three bright sparklers glowing on foreign shores which will surely lure the curious. First of all there is the much vaunted Brussels Fair (see *SR* Jan. 11). Aside from the spectacle which it will create in its own right, it is emerging as well as something of a contest between two ideologies, ours and theirs. The debate on the respective benefits of life in the USSR and life in the USA is surely to be played out on the stages in Brussels this summer. Secondly, there is the centennial at Lourdes which is to draw no fewer than 10 million visitors to the tiny town in France. Finally, there is the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the state of Israel, which will send added numbers coursing across the Atlantic, into Paris, down to Rome, across to Athens, and out into the Holy Land.

TREND-searchers have also come up with an entity that might have been overlooked by less astute students of American habits. These clairvoyants have it that right after the war many former GIs took their new wives over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to Europe to see just where and how the war had been won.

As the veterans spent their bonus pay and settled down to make a non-combatative living, this business slumped off. But now another group is coming to the fore. These would be the ex-veterans who settled down to work right away, and raised families. Their children are now in the nine to twelve age-bracket, safe enough to be tucked away in summer camp while father, now flabbier, more sedate, and sufficiently advanced in the business world to be beyond the immediate danger of a recession, takes mother on that long-promised Continental excursion. This group looms large in the 1958-through-1960 market.

If the word of the recession has leaked across the seas, Europeans watching the parade of invading Americans this summer will have a hard time believing in its existence. Chances are, the *bâteaux mouche* in Paris will be just as packed, the waiters in Frascati's in Copenhagen will grow just as irascible, the tickets to Stratford's theatre in England will be just as hard to get, the beach at Alassio just as crowded. As a cab driver in San Francisco said the other day when asked about effects of business slump out there, "Recession, er, what's that?"

Sulk

By Edward Watkins

SHE hasn't spoken now for several days
except to say the necessary things.
What set it off? Trying to control his rage
he pins it down to that thoughtless word
he spoke in irritation. Punishment
is his: he sits reading the evening paper
walled around by silence like the boy
who spilled the inkwell and must face the corner
till class is over.

When will it be over?
She finishes the dishes. Not a word—
they're there for him to dry. He turns the page:
she'll have a long wait before *they're* done.
She knits now (something for herself) as if
to say, See—I can be thoughtless too!
Oh, marriage is fine, marriage is very fine—
he throws the paper down and so begins
the argument that ends of course in love.

OFF TRAIL IN ITALY

By GEOFFREY WAGNER

IN THE first nine months of last year 633,063 Americans visited Italy. This record figure says nothing, of course, of the growing influx from the Scandinavian countries and from Europe's new economic giant, Germany. In the face of this constant increase in tourist traffic is it still possible to find unfrequented resorts in Italy? It is, but these vary considerably in comfort. Clearly you are rather more likely to escape the crowds on the islands, since many of these still take some effort to reach, but the average guide-book is generally optimistic about living conditions on the more out-of-the-way spots. Actually, although most of the Tyrrhenian Islands off Italy's well-trod West Coast have been "discovered" by now, two at least remain relatively neglected, at least by Americans, and both are easily accessible. To date, neither has fallen prey to the organized travel-agency tour, from France, England, or Germany, though this is presumably a matter of time.

The first of these, Ponza, lies twenty-one miles south of Cape Circeo, which is about double that distance south of Rome. It can be reached from three ports—Anzio, Formia, Naples—and excursions can be made from it to Capri and Ischia. A happy way of arriving on Ponza is to take a fast Saturday afternoon train from Rome, getting to Formia in about an hour and a half to catch the five o'clock boat out, which arrives at the island for dinner.

Ponza is the Greek Aia, Circe's island in Homer, and the scene of one of Boccaccio's stories. To its own inhabitants it is more famous for having briefly housed Mussolini as a political prisoner. The Ponzese landscape is physically impressive but, in common with the other islands of the Pontine Archipelago (two of which are understandably set aside as island jails), it is arid. The physical pattern is one of dessicated hills, starkly ribbed with dried-out terraces, and it lacks sand beaches; the coastline is, in fact, characterized by splendid rocks jutting out of the sea, the delight of subaquatic fishermen. The principal bathing place, Chiaia di Luna, on the west behind the little port where most of the life takes place, is a towering, amphitheatre-like bay, only accessible through a fascinating Roman tunnel; another fine bay, that of Frontone, is only reached by boat and to enjoy Ponza most visitors should be prepared to hire boats for their bathing. They should not anticipate the amenities of Capri here and, if they do not, they will find that Ponza has its own distinct flavor, although there scarcely seems a family on the island without some representative in America. It is instructive to stroll over a Ponzese

S. Giulio island in the Lago d'Orta—"riotous, still heavy with mood."

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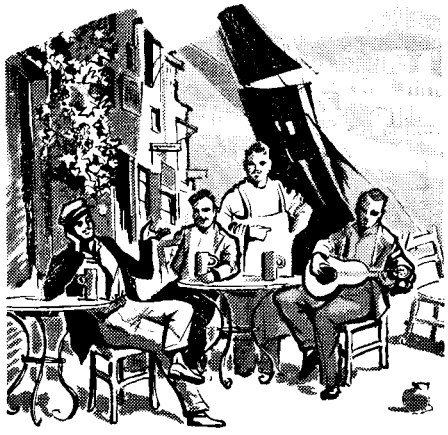

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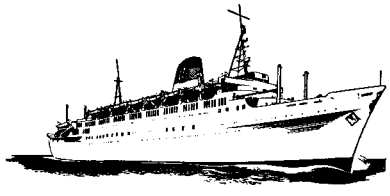

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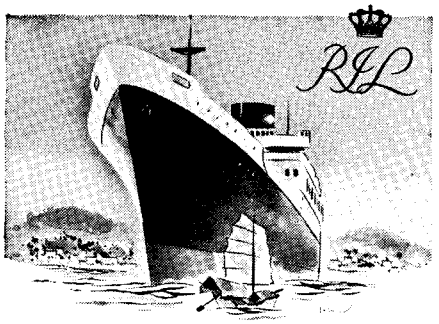

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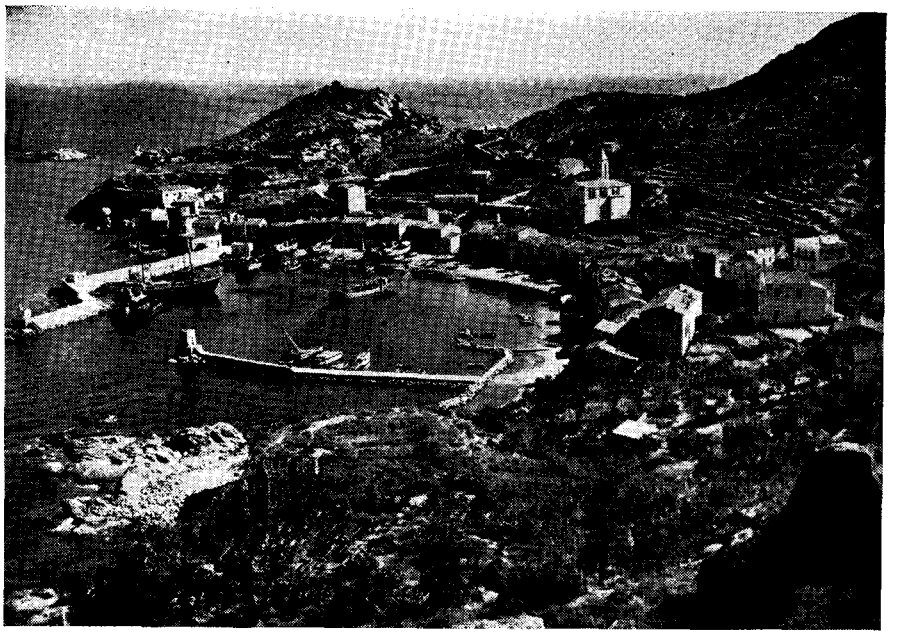

The Island of Giglio—"delicious toy port straight out of Dufy."

hillside and come across, as I did, a barefoot wild-eyed peasant girl minding her goats while wearing a T-shirt stamped "Police Athletic League."

If Ponza is spectacular and harsh, Giglio, an island an hour off the charming Grosseto coast some two hours' train-ride north of Rome, is all warmth and sympathy. It boasts several intimate sand beaches within easy reach of a delicious toy port, straight out of Dufy, cypress and ilex instead of cactus, and a goodish local white wine. Stendhal loved the place and so do most Italians today, but Americans are still rare there, it seems. Its beaches of Arenella and Canelle can easily be reached by boat or via delightful walks over rosemary and thyme-laden hillsides, as can another sandy cove called Caldane, slightly further south, to which vines still run thickly down and which reminds one of what these places were like years ago, before quartz-quarrying began to spoil something of their spirit. On the western side of the island there is a much more extensive beach, for those who prefer such, a vast whitish fan named Campese nestling at one end under a superb Medici tower. All these lie beneath the eye of Giglio-Castello, a fascinating twelfth-century fortress constructed on the very pinnacle of the island. This is well worth a visit to see the life of a fortified medieval village still wonderfully preserved, with its streets consisting of sets of winding steps (Titian Street is about seven such, I think). On a clear day the islands of Giannutri, Montecristo, and Elba can all be seen from the castle walls.

Last but not least, Giglio numbers hotels of a far higher class than those on Ponza. The newest and largest of these to open, Demo's, offers a bath with each room, plus constant hot water (a luxury on Ponza), and a fine cuisine under the supervision of the enterprising and genial proprietor, Mr. Renato Cavero. Even the most American of our travelers should be satisfied by this establishment, I reflected, when I discovered the toilet-paper to be imprinted with short stories about Abe Lincoln and the Old West. Nor should the English-speaking visitor be deterred by the local guide-book wherein is proudly advertised, at Campese, the Brothel (*sic*) Tebaldo. This is, of course, a highly respectable grocery.

By contrast with this island topography, the Italian lake district offers a wonderful way of ending up one's summer. Last year, although the lanes around Garda and Maggiore in August resembled a Labor Day boardwalk, I saw not a single American at nearby Orta, one of the lesser-known Italian lakes.

SITUATED just west of Maggiore—three-quarters of an hour by car from Stresa—Lake Orta is a Piedmontese stretch of water some seven and a half miles long, whose shores are still heavy with mood, riotous, if you are lucky enough to get there in late spring, with geraniums, clematis, and lilies. The larger type of automobile can barely inch down the cobbled lanes of Orta S. Giulio itself, while to either side the great grave houses of another era still stretch their self-assured lawns and decent dahlias down to the boathouses and terraces, whose stone steps seem per-

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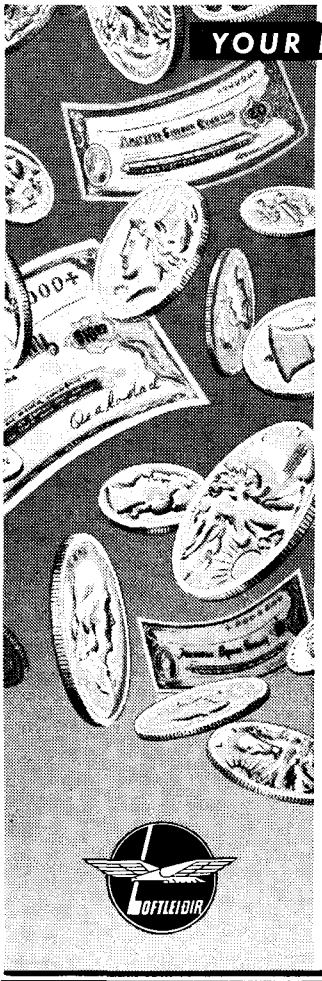
petually pasted with rotting leaves. In the almost tangible silence around the lake one can still walk past these lushly decaying Edwardian mansions, with their moldering urns and ornamental gateways, listen to the somnolent clip of a gardener shearing some dense rhododendron hedge, and feel grateful that this elegiac atmosphere has not been quite spoilt yet, for although the TV antennae reign over the effaced escutcheons of many of these residences, the majority have not, as they have around Maggiore, sold out to commerce,

The village of Orta S. Giulio, which is provided with two good hotels, is a little gem of its kind. It is a removed hamlet on the tip of a peninsula (a dead-end, in fact) which juts out into the center of the lake; consisting mainly of a municipal square with a Palazzo Communale decorated with the customary *sgraffio* work of the locality, it lies under one of the several sacred mountains of the district, this a park where twenty-two chapels (and a Bramante shrine) show various stages of the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Moreover, the village directly faces the Isola S.Giulio, a lovely island laden with ecclesiastical buildings. Here, in the main basilica, which dates back to the fourth century, the skeleton of the patron saint lies encrypted in crimson robes, slightly dusty—altogether a most mortal spectacle. But the island has more than pious interest. In the tenth century it was the site of an epic, and in fact decisive, struggle between Otto I and the Berengarian dynasty. It contains several monuments of interest, many sincere frescoes, and an amazing pulpit hewn out of a single block of black Oira marble.

The lake itself is of characteristic configuration, with splendid pre-Alpine mountains rising all around it; on the western side, where the best bathing-places are, the walks up through the chestnut woods from Pella or Alzo can be wonderful. Here are delightful little villages, full of sawing and wood-smoke and plants in pots and girls in pigtails and surely the most hospitable peasantry in the world. Moreover, the higher one climbs on this side the more entrancing become the various views over the lake, right across the Lombard plain. It is an unforgettable experience to sit becalmed in one's boat on Orta of an evening, and to hear the notes of the numerous church bells drifting down to one over the reeds from the misty, Wagnerian mountains above. Still a relatively unmolested spot, Orta well deserves Bagot's dictum of more than half a century ago: "In all the Italian lake country there is no spot so redolent of Italy as Orta."



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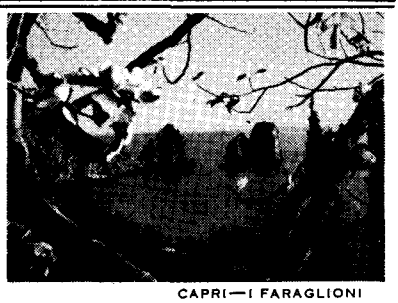

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RECOVERY ON THE RHINE

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By JEANETTE WAKIN

AMONG all the achievements encompassed by what is called *Wirtschaftswunder*, the miracle of German recovery, West Germans attribute a rather special place to the tourist industry. The enterprising citizenry are naturally attracted by the fact that millions of visitors are spending billions of Deutsche marks, but it is the feeling that Germany has once again become "socially acceptable," as one thoughtful German put it to me, that gives tourism there its special stamp. The friendly rapport with foreigners is helping to erase the final scars of war in a country that has surpassed the most imaginative predictions for its reconstruction.

Traveling to Germany and the Cologne *Karneval* recently, I reflected how strikingly this friendliness is brought home to an American even before he sets foot in the country. With the excellent north German cuisine and the first glass of *Sekt*—under the Treaty of Versailles the German version of champagne cannot be called that—provided by Lufthansa on one of their new Super-Star Constellations, the group of Americans with whom I was traveling responded quickly to Germany's own brand of togetherness, the celebrated *Gemütlichkeit*. Indeed, among the friendly foreigners who left their marks in Germany last year, Americans represented the largest group, 15.5 per cent, of 5 million visitors.

The new German airline itself, Lufthansa, is perhaps the most remarkable example of how the German government organized its resources to restore travel in Germany, after the two far-reaching developments of currency reform and the launching of the Marshall Plan made recovery possible. It was only in 1955 that Lufthansa, its planes destroyed

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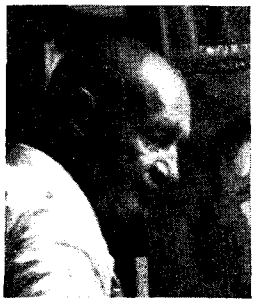

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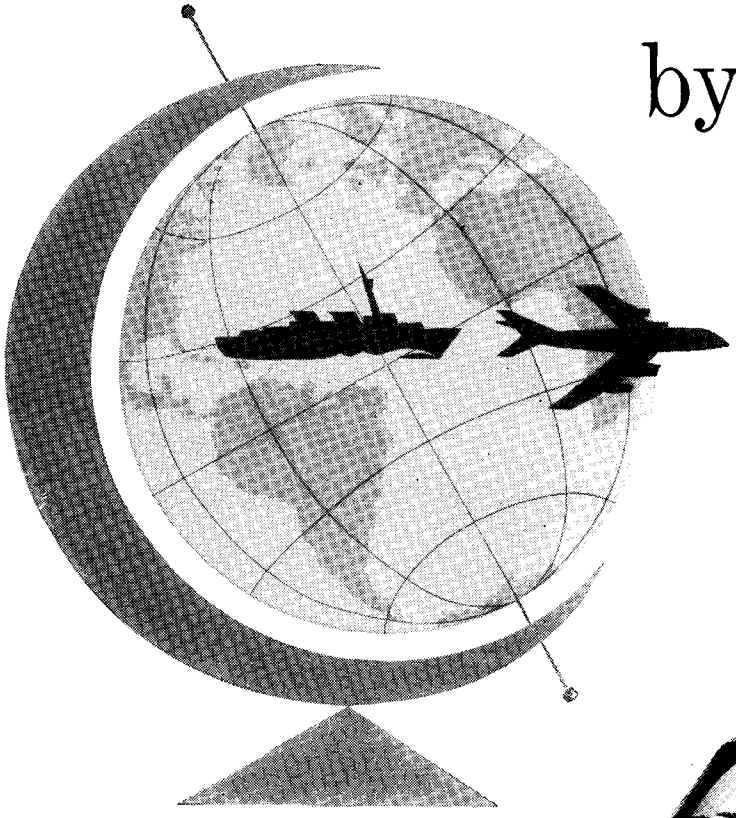

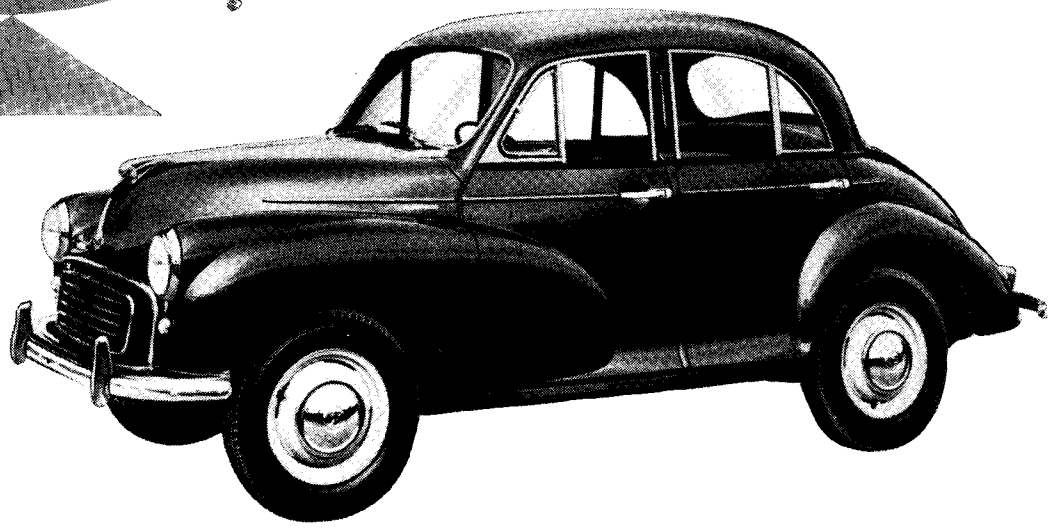

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at the end of the war or scrapped afterward, was revived with a staff of fifty. It has increased its flying activity at the phenomenal rate of over 60 per cent a year, and Lufthansa's personnel has grown one hundredfold.

It was just eight years ago that travel restrictions began to be eased with the approval of the military government and the tourist industry in Western Germany began its remarkable postwar recovery. In the years following the war, travel was a difficult and uncomfortable adventure, only for those who could not avoid it. The transportation system had been badly crippled. There was hardly a bridge left over the Rhine, roads were studded with ruts and holes, and the principal stations were in shambles. Hotels were requisitioned or closed, and food was hard to find.

The traveler on a first-time tour of Germany will have to search hard for reminders of destruction. The transformation from those hard, gray, humble days of 1945 is evident everywhere. Long distance express trains, over 1,500 miles of Autobahn, and first-class restaurants and hotels compare favorably with any country in the world. West Germans now make more steel than Britain, build more houses than France. Their export surplus embarrasses the European Payments Union, and their own tourists, freed of currency restrictions, park their cars in front of half the hotels of Europe.

Cologne, one of the most popular cities in Germany for foreign tourists, is an outstanding example of the national resurgence. In the days immediately following the war the visitor to the 2,000-year-old city, situated along a rather flat stretch of the Rhine, almost 85 per cent destroyed, would have found its famed cathedral partially demolished, and its daily life reduced to a struggle for essentials.

RECOVERY in Cologne has been extraordinary. Almost all of its prewar population of 768,000 has been regained, from a devastating shrinkage to 40,000 in 1945. The city has been largely rebuilt and the painful wounds in the venerable medieval monuments are being healed. The noble cathedral, one of the few buildings not utterly destroyed, has just been restored, and the sparkling shops and department stores are stocked with all sorts of luxuries. It is said in Cologne that even the seats in the new movie houses are being built wider to accommodate the postwar German.

Of course, all is not statistics and hard work in Germany, though the proud Cologne citizen likes to heap upon the visitor accounts of the city's own miracle. The large number of

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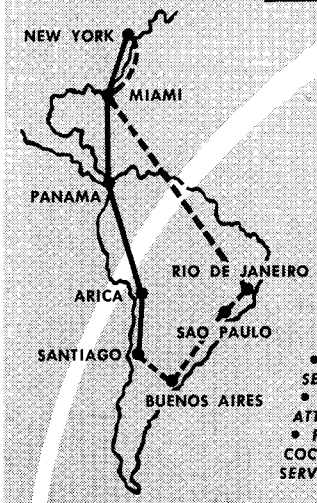

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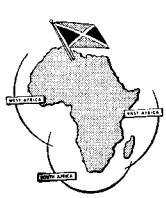

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Germans who travel outside their own country reflect Germany's present prosperity. After the strain of the war and postwar periods, recreation became a greater need than ever to counter-balance the national absorption in work and recovery. The German mark is as solid as the dollar these days and, unlike the Briton or Frenchman, the West German traveler can take as much money as he likes out of the country. High industrial wages and inexpensive bus tours also spur heavy travel. Germans have always loved southern Europe and Italy is by all odds their first choice for vacations.

When Germans at home interrupt their work to celebrate, the result is an outburst of energy that helps one comprehend how Germany was able to turn defeat into victory. This vitality struck me forcefully during the pre-Lenten celebrations known as *Karneval* in Cologne and as *Fasching* in Munich, the two important centers of Catholic Germany. The festivals are almost pagan in their intensity. Throughout the city, costumed crowds cavort day and night for the most part of a week before Ash Wednesday. The mass emotionalism seemed overwhelming, as crowds of hundreds and often thousands cheered the appearance of this year's Hero-Prince, the handsome owner of a string of movie houses, or sang their favorite carnival songs, swaying arm in arm—an activity known as *schunkeln*—as one body to their rhythms. As one thoughtful German said of the Cologne *Karneval*, "It's a periodic release of our organized—you might even say repressed—daily lives. It probably makes the work possible."

Cologne's carnival, the oldest in Germany, dates back in its present form 135 years, although its origins are ancient. The thirty to forty carnival associations which elect the Hero-Prince and plan the pageantry, the balls, and the colorful Rose Monday processions, have as their antecedents the medieval guilds. Their members walk about in red-and-white uniforms caricaturing the Prussian troops which occupied the area in 1815 and crushed much of the city's cultural life. (Indeed, the university, which the Prussians closed, was only reopened by Chancellor Adenauer, who was Lord Mayor of the city from 1917 until he was dismissed by Hitler in 1933.) The strutting of these "Prussians" is an occasion for a lot of satire. "No, it's not the new German Army," my guide explained.

The *Karneval* is over now. Its Hero-Prince, Walter the First, is resting on the Riviera. The industrious people of Cologne have swept their streets clean, put away their costumes, and are back at work on their miracle.

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European Music Festivals—1958

By GEORGE JELLINEK

WITH the Festival season in sight, *SR* offers a streamlined guide to what Europe holds in store for the music-minded traveler this summer:

The annual Maggio Musicale Fiorentino opens on May 8 at Florence. There will be open-air performances of symphonic and chamber music and, of course, lots of opera ("Manon Lescaut," "Tosca," "Turandot," "Fidelio," "Meistersinger," and others). The festival remains in session until the end of June, making it possible for roving musicophiles to visit Bordeaux, France for the "International Festival of Music and Dance" (May 10-25). Here, in addition to the local symphony, the familiar lustrous sounds of the Philadelphia Orchestra will greet the visitor. Other stellar features: the Mozarteum Quartet of Salzburg, Ballet du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris, and Artur Rubinstein. There are also ample musical diversions for those traveling in Germany during May: the International May Festival at Wiesbaden (May 8-June 1), attended by such attractions as the Belgrade State Opera, the Argentine Chamber Opera, Rome State Opera, the American Ballet Theatre and, of course, the local symphony orchestra; and two events of a more specific nature: the Beethoven Festival in Bonn (May 15-25) and one in Düsseldorf devoted to modern music. Fans of the Royal Danish Ballet may admire that institution in its home setting at the Music Festival of Copenhagen between May 17 and 31, while the International Festival of Music, Drama and Folklore will reconvene at Bergen, Norway (home of Grieg) between May 30 and June 15. Opening in late May but presenting a long span of entertainments well into the Summer are the Vienna Festival Weeks (First European Choir Festival featuring music from Bach to Orff, from Handel to Honegger; also opera, drama and an international youth event, May 31-June 22) and the time-honored Glyndebourne Opera Festival in Great Britain (May 27 to July 31).

More allurements are added in June. The Stockholm Festivals list the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Capella Coloniensis with the offerings of the Royal Opera House and Swedish Royal Ballet in highly diversified programs of all musical arts. Meanwhile nearby—as modern transportation means go—Helsinki celebrates its Sibelius Festival of symphony and chamber music between June 7 and 17. France offers two series that span the entire month of June. The International Music Festival at Strasbourg (June 9-22) presents diversified fare including five concerts devoted to contemporary music, also recitals, theatre and concerts by the visiting Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. There is also a Festival of Music and Dramatic Arts at Lyons between June 20 and July 12. Both of these are within good commuting distance to major events in Zürich, Switzerland (Opera; Ballet; Art exhibits; Theatre performances in German, English and French; the Tonhalle Orchestra and the ubiquitous Philadelphians) and the popular Holland Festival of Music and Drama (Amsterdam, June 15-July 15). The attractions of the latter include opera by the Netherlands and Düsseldorf ensembles and concerts by the Concertgebouw and Hague Philharmonic. Throughout June and July the music of Mozart will resound within the historic walls of Augsburg, Stuttgart, and Würzburg, while the equally historic and picturesque city of Granada will celebrate its seventh International Music and Dance Festival between June 20 and July 4. In addition to operatic, symphonic and chamber music programs here, there will be recitals by Rubinstein, Segovia and De los Angeles.

THE Italian city of Spoleto has its "Two Worlds Festival" between the 5th and 29th of June (ballet, drama and music; Gian Carlo Menotti officiating). From here there is a short trip across the Adriatic and into Yugoslavia for the Dubrovnik Summer Festivals (July 1-31) for a comprehensive schedule of music and art events. This carries us into July—the peak of activities. Aix-en-Provence offers this season (July 10-31) performances of "The Magic Flute," "Don Giovanni," "The Barber of Se-

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ville," concerts by German and French orchestras and recitals by I Musici, Wilhelm Kempff, and Andres Segovia. There will be another Pablo Casals Festival at Prades (July 3-21), at the conclusion of which visitors could do worse than attending the International Music Festival across the Spanish border at Santander (Madrid Chamber Orchestra, Orchestra of the Turin Radio, Ballet, Art Exhibits, etc., from July 25 to August 31). Vienna honors the 130th anniversary of Schubert's death with an International Singers Festival (July 17-20), at the end of which all roads will lead to Salzburg for the great annual events (July 26 to August 31), while Bayreuth beckons with its agenda of "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "Meistersinger," "Parsifal" and the complete "Ring" (July 23 to August 25).

Opera is keynoting the Verona open air season, which lasts from July 15 to August 15, and the Bavarian State Opera Festival in Munich (from August 10 to September 9). The latter enlists Fricsay, Böhm, Heger, Jochum and Keilberth as conductors in a repertory of Handel, Mozart, Wagner and Richard Strauss. Opera alternates with classical drama and symphonic music within the impressive framework of the Athens Festival. The Vienna Philharmonic is among the performing groups.

SWITZERLAND offers two major series to late summer visitors. Lucerne (August 13-September 10) plays host to the Berlin Philharmonic, the Philharmonia of England and several famous solo recitalists, while Montreux celebrates its 13th September Music Festival between September 5 and 25. The latter will be in for a bit of friendly competition across the French border in nearby Besançon, where a primarily symphonic series (September 4-14) highlights a competition for young conductors. Meanwhile, in Great Britain, the Edinburgh Festival will be in session (August 25 to September 13), accompanied by the Three Choirs Festival at Hereford, Gloucester (August 31-September 5). Italian travelers in late summer may divide their time between Venice (Sept. 11-28) if contemporary music is their dish, or Perugia (September 20-October 5) for a more conservative symphonic and operatic fare. Finally, here is a series, from September 21 to October 7, to round out the 1958 panorama—the Berlin Festival Weeks (opera; ballet; concerts; drama). To those lucky enough to be able to attend it we say "Glückliche Reise" (which, very loosely translated, means "Wish I could go with you!")

Travel in 16 mm

QUESTION IN TOGOLAND (20 min. color). Dealing primarily with the U.N.-supervised plebiscite in which Togolanders voted to join the Gold Coast in forming the new nation of Ghana, the film also makes an excellent presentation of how these people are meeting the outside world. Produced by the United Nations. Rental $10, sale $135, from Contemporary Films.

NATO SERIES (15 films, each about 20 min.). An enlightening and generally attractive series covering current cultural, economic, political, and military affairs in Belgium, Denmark, France, Greece, Iceland, Italy, Germany, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Turkey, the United Kingdom, the U.S., and Canada—each in a separate film. "Introducing Canada" and most of the European films are excellent studies of their countries, with stress on their contributions to NATO; the U.S. film is unfortunately far below par. All for sale (about $40 each) from United World Films. (Rentals at $4 each can be made from the newly organized World Affairs Center, United Nations Plaza at 47th St., New York 17, N.Y.)

JAPAN (25 min. color). A most attractive and realistic survey of Japanese life today, presented with warmth and intelligence. Outstanding color photography by Kenneth Snelson (who also directed); produced and narrated by Julien Bryan. Rental $10, sale $250, from the International Film Foundation.

SUI (26 min. color). A truly impressive record of the building of a 348-mile pipeline for natural gas from the deserts of Pakistan to the capital, Karachi. Produced by Rayant Pictures Ltd. for the World Bank. Free loan from Association Films.

ALICE IN WASHINGTON (19 min. color). In mock-Carroll fashion, a grown-up little girl visits Washington, D.C., and its most famous landmarks. The camera tricks will probably appeal more to children than to their elders. Produced by On Film for American Airlines. Free loan from Association Films.

SAN FRANCISCO (30 min. color). A thoroughly adult film about a fabulous city, as related by a tugboat skipper. Excellent photographic coverage by Ernest Kleinberg, who also produced and directed. Free loan from the Santa Fe Railway.

—CECILE STARR.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Desire Under the Eucalyptus

IT IS worth noting that almost thirty-five years have elapsed between the time that Eugene O'Neill wrote his stark, shocking **"Desire Under the Elms"** and Don Hartman attempted the current screen adaptation of the play for Paramount. Sociologists might term this a cultural lag, but it is not difficult to appreciate why the lag should have been caught up at the present moment. It's just another trick of dat ole debbil TV. The decline in audience brought on by television has forced producers to essay more daring, more controversial material—just as the rise of the movies after World War I inspired a greater maturity in the legitimate theatre. Unfortunately, these producers, long accustomed to "licking" a difficult property to fit a pat formula, face a formidable problem, a problem neatly illustrated by "Desire Under the Elms."

There is no question but that Mr. Hartman and his associates had resolved to do right by O'Neill—no fudging, no compromises. The Irwin Shaw script retains elements from the play that would have been altogether unthinkable in movies a few years back. Quite apart from the central situation, the cold seduction of a young man by his handsome stepmother, there is considerable speculation about an old man's potency (or impotency), pointed references to a widow who is notably free with her favors, and an offstage but completely explicit infanticide. This is no ordinary film fare, and it is to the credit of the film-makers that they have not sought to sensationalize it. But neither have they plunged below the surface of their material to expose the wellsprings of O'Neill's somber tragedy, the interplay of avarice and sensuality that twists and breaks three generations of land-hungry New Englanders.

No small part of the trouble would seem to lie in the casting of the central roles. Given Sophia Loren as the third Mrs. Cabot, the tensions between stepmother and stepson are reduced considerably. Miss Loren, despite an admirably controlled performance, neither suggests a schemer plotting to acquire old Cabot's acres for herself nor a frantic, love-starved woman. Physically she resembles O'Neill's heroine (with a minor adjustment for accent), but emotionally she remains the *femme fatale* of innumerable Italian movies, the woman who attracts all men in spite of herself. Nor does Anthony Perkins ever project the single-purposed intensity of young Eben Cabot, his resolution to hold the land at all costs. He succumbs too readily to Miss Loren's wiles, then grows peevish rather than tormented. Even more disappointing is Burl Ives's portrait of Ephraim Cabot, the white-bearded, hypocritical patriarch. He is weak, almost doddering, incapable of the hard tenacity that the part demands. Indeed, only at the outset, when Eben's mother reveals to him the secret of his father's wealth, does the film achieve the stature of the universal tragedy that O'Neill intended.

To these defects must be added the irresolute handling of the settings. O'Neill's descriptions of them were precise: the elms of the title hang heavy over the house, sagging oppressively, sensually. The film-makers had the choice of taking their cameras to a New England farm and building a sense of harsh realism into their picture or, on a Hollywood sound stage, to attempt a stylization that would approximate O'Neill's purpose. Instead, they have compromised on a studio realism that is always antiseptic, sparkling, and as singularly unconvincing as a period display at Sloane's.

* * *

From West Germany, struggling now to gain a foothold in the world's film markets, comes a sporadically amusing adaptation of Thomas Mann's last novel, **"The Confessions of Felix Krull"** (DCA). Krull, a twentieth-century Don Juan, seems bent on proving that the lack of virtue is its own reward, loving, lying, robbing, and cheating with a gay (and quite unpunished) abandon. Hans Bucholz, described as the German James Dean, works hard to make this character convincing; the settings—Germany, France, and Portugal in the early 1900s—are handsome and elaborate. But director Kurt Hoffman, after setting his story in motion in the debonaire manner once popularized by Sacha Guitry, soon lapses from irony into admiration and his film becomes little more than the chronicle of successful seductions. Even the original Don commented on the monotony of this sort of thing.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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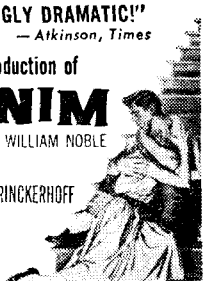

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Snow White's Green Apple

IN their new play, **"Blue Denim,"** William Noble and James Leo Herlihy attempt to show us today's teen-ager in a more average milieu than that of the cool daddios in "West Side Story." Their plot concerns two fifteen-year-old boys who pretend to be much more callous than they really are. In the last generation the stage adolescent used to boast of consorting with a prostitute. These kids casually mention fixing up abortions for girls they've got in trouble. Into this pair's basement hideaway wanders a sweet fifteen-year-old blonde who has a crush on one of the boys. She thinks he is very experienced and, at one point, timidly inquires if he has slept with a lot of girls. He replies "Oh, the regular amount for a guy of fifteen." Of course, it is all bravado, but even after she has seen through it she gives herself to him. Then, as so often happens when lovers are innocent, the result is pregnancy.

The rest of the play is a rather bald demonstration of the woeful inability of today's child to talk over his serious problems with his parents. The authors seem to single this out as the reason why the girl must go through the profane experience of an illegal operation. One wonders, however, what the parents would have advised had they been consulted. After all, the alternative to abortion would be marriage for two children on the basis of a schoolgirl crush.

At the play's end the boy and his father decide to have that heart-to-heart talk, but the probable ineffectuality of such a conversation is indicated when the father suggests that they eat a hot supper before trying to arrive at a warm mutual understanding.

The performances are best when director Joshua Logan encourages the actors to respond simply to each other. Burt Brinkerhoff's sensitive young Arthur is a cousin of "Tea and Sympathy" 's Tom Lea. Warren Berlinger gives an assured portrayal of Arthur's pal. Carol Lynley alloys a captivating softness and innocence with the stony bravery and impersonal lostness that are so characteristic of the contemporary adolescent. June Walker manages to be the epitome of maternal futility, and Chester Morris's father gives us the slightly comic picture of an ex-Army man whose career in an archaic organization has not equipped him for being a modern parent.

Despite the competence of the production, the play seldom holds our emotional or intellectual interest for any sustained period of time. It is a heterogeneous mixture of tedious sex lecture, caricatured domestic relations, and a semi-poetic, amorous idyl. Of the three ingredients the latter is most effective. Indeed, if the authors and the director had concentrated on making this play a hymn to adolescent innocence we might have had a lovely play. Instead, there is an irritating disparity of tone throughout the play. True, this disparity mirrors the messiness of daily life, but it also makes "Blue Denim" seem a commonplace play about a commonplace parental anxiety.

ON a happier note, Norman Krasna, a playwright of no great profundity or brilliance, has waded in some shallow water with much success. His play **"Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?"** offers two hours of fun based on one simple premise. Namely, that the only thing worse than your wife seeing through your alibi is her falling for it too completely.

In the show a young Columbia chemistry professor asks a writer he knows to help him out of a jam he's in: his wife caught him being kissed by a student. His imaginative friend suggests that he tell her the kissing incident was part of his assignment as a secret agent of the FBI, and through his connections with TV he gets him an FBI identification card. From this point on almost everything that happens is highly amusing. Mr. Krasna has a dandy situation which claims all participants as its victims.

Peter Lind Hayes, whose delivery is bound to remind you of ex-President Truman, is ideally naive and cowardly as the uxorious hero, and Mary Healy makes a formidable wife. Ray Walston is delightfully sneaky in the role of his friend, and Roland Winters underplays marvelously as the real FBI agent whose sentimental nature leads him into hilarious complications. Alex Segal's direction is judiciously inventive, as are Rouben Ter-Arutunian's mobile settings. Bernard Green's incidental music helps keep us from looking for anything more than gaiety and relaxation from the parlayed absurdities which comprise this new comedy.

—HENRY HEWES.

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THE EAST

The Two Hundred Per Centers

"The Double Patriots: A Study of Japanese Nationalism," by Richard Storry *(Houghton Mifflin. 335 pp. $5.50), besides disposing of several major and minor myths regarding Japan, reports the political shenanigans which during the Thirties threw the country into turmoil. Edwin O. Reischauer, who reviews the book, wrote "Japan Past and Present."*

By Edwin O. Reischauer

AMERICAN thinking about the causes for the war with Japan has generally been dominated by two myths. During the war itself it was popularly assumed that Pearl Harbor had been that ingenious climax of a devilishly clever Oriental conspiracy, perpetrated over the decades by the whole population of Japan. After the war, the occupation of Japan, though made sacrosanct by MacArthur's conservative aura, derived a large share of its reform zeal from the Marxian myth that twentieth-century evils must all stem from capitalist exploitation. Back of the idiocies of ultra-nationalistic fanatics, it was assumed, must always lurk the greed of the money-bags.

The first myth has been thoroughly demolished by a postwar avalanche of books which have shown how hopelessly divided and ineffectual Japanese leadership was during the decade that preceded the war. The Japanese ship of state may have followed an intricate and confusing course, but this was not the result of a master mind at the wheel; it was the product of a free-for-all on the bridge.

The second myth has died more slowly—perhaps because there was a definite connection between economic problems and ultra-nationalism in prewar Japan. Japan's complete dependence on foreign trade at a time of world depression did lend creditability to the belief of the military expansionists that Japan must conquer her own *Lebensraum*, and the economic misery of the peasants added heat to the arguments that divided public opinion and government leadership. But, contrary to Marxist assumptions, it was commonly the socialistic protestors against capitalistic exploitation, not the capitalists, who supported expansionism.

In "The Double Patriots," Richard Storry pounds some final nails into the coffin of the grand conspiracy myth and gives the "money is the root of all evil" theme a staggering blow. The author, an Englishman, is a sound scholar who has built up his understanding of Japan through the triple approach of teaching in Japan, wartime military intelligence work, and postwar research. His ability to use materials in the Japanese language helps account for the depth and accuracy of his study. The result is a book which will be most useful for the specialist without losing its interest for the general reader.

Mr. Storry starts with a full account of the many small, ultra-patriotic societies that were such a characteristic feature of the intellectual scene in prewar Japan. In passing, he disposes neatly of two minor myths. One is that these small political pressure groups were secret, which, of course, they were not. The other is that the Black Dragon Society, which actually should be translated the "Amur River Society," was somehow the center of all Japanese ultra-nationalism.

The bulk of the book is devoted to the 1930s and the series of political assassinations and planned and attempted coups which threw Japanese politics into turmoil for a decade. Gradually the focus shifts from the wild-eyed intellectuals and impetuous youths of the patriotic societies—the original "double patriots" in the sense of "200 per centers"—to the army and its factions and disgruntled junior officers. Mr. Storry does not attempt to explain in detail how the Japanese army was able to act independently of the civil government or why groups within the army felt justified in flouting the wishes of their superiors. He does, however, give the best account that has appeared to date in English of the highly complicated rivalries between the Control Faction (Tosei-ha) and the Imperial Faction (Kodo-ha), which eventually determined the course Japan took.

If the radical intellectuals and fanatical army officers are the villains of "The Double Patriots," the book also has its heroes, but precious few. Even the sturdiest of the parliamentary politicians had been brushed aside by the middle Thirties, leaving only aged Prince Saionji as a consistent and fearless champion of democratic institutions and moderate foreign policies. Next to him the Emperor perhaps emerges as the second most effective supporter of liberalism, taking a somewhat more positive and personal stand than has usually been credited to him.

Mr. Storry attributes the triumph of the ultra-nationalists in the 1930s primarily to the political immaturity of the Japanese and to the sensitiveness of most officials to the claims of the self-appointed patriots. With few exceptions, Japan's leaders permitted the fanatics to equate expansionist sentiments with patriotism and this particular brand of patriotism with public opinion. Japanese parliamentarian liberalism collapsed in the Thirties primarily on the intellectual front, not the economic. Our foreign-policy planners would do well to remember this fact when thinking about the future of Japan or other Asian countries.

—Bettmann.

Emperor Hirohito inspecting his troops—". . . supporter of liberalism."

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Guide to Arabia

"The Wells of Ibn Saud," by D. Van der Meulen *(Frederick Praeger. 270 pp. $5.50), concentrates on the history of Abd al Aziz al Saud, whom the author, a scholar and explorer, knew for many years while representing the Netherlands in Arabia. The book is reviewed by Charles Issawi, who has for many years worked with the UN Secretariat as an economist in the Middle Eastern Department.*

By Charles Issawi

MOST writers on Arabia can be fairly easily placed in one of two categories: romantics, on whom the desert and its bedouins exercise a strange fascination and who have written some of the best English prose of the last hundred years; and journalists, who are more interested in power politics and the seamier side of High Society and have produced a spate of not such excellent prose.

Mr. Van der Meulen cannot fairly be put in either category. He is a scholar who has thoroughly mastered Arabic and has an excellent knowledge of Arabic history, an explorer who traveled in unknown corners of South Arabia, a colonial official with long experience in Indonesia, a diplomat who represented the Netherlands in Arabia for many years with distinction, and a keen-sighted yet sympathetic observer of the great changes taking place around him. Given this background, one could have expected a book matching the best, but the present one is something of a disappointment. It does not add very much to the information given by such authors as Rihany, and its style is somewhat colorless. Nevertheless, those concerned with Arabia, or more generally the Middle East, will not want to miss it, for the author's reflections and impressions are of considerable interest.

The central figure is, of course, Abd al Aziz al Saud: "He is the hero of this book and he was my personal hero." His rise to power is well told. First, as so often in the history of Islam, came a religious reformer who founded the Wahhabi sect of puritans. There followed the acceptance of the creed by a powerful chieftain, in 1744, and the rapid expansion of the Saudi

Ibn Saud—". . . central figure."

politico-religious power until it was stopped by Egyptian intervention in 1818. Then ensued a long period of quiescence and reversals culminating in 1891 with the exile of the Saud family, including the ten-year-old Abd al Aziz. The fascinating story of the reconquest of his kingtom, ending with his establishing control over the Hejaz in 1925, is vividly related. After that the author can speak as an eyewitness, for he took up his post in Jedda in 1926.

Soon there came recognition by the Great Powers, and it is interesting to notice that "it was not until the Russians had set the example that Great Britain decided to raise her local establishment to the rank of a legation." Then followed increasing contacts with the outside world, and a corresponding cooling of the original Wahhabi zeal. Finally, there was the fantastic story of the discovery of oil, with its multifarious and incalculable economic, social, and political consequences, and the international complications of World War II and its aftermath.

In his judgment of these events, and of the persons involved, the author is at his best. For instance, on Ibn Saud: "He had the courage to bare before strangers the very foundation of his life. He was proud of his uncomplicated creed, sure that he held the truth and convinced that his hearers would at least respect him for it. And that we did." Or, on the failure to stop the flow of oil during the Palestine war: "Was Ibn Saud too old to understand how powerful a weapon was in his hands? Had his Wahhabi faith left him? Or was he too firmly bound with golden ties to the American oil production in his land . . .?" Or, on the attitude of the oil companies: "If the Americans had, from the start, insisted on entering the country as confessed Christians with open freedom for their belief, such an attitude would have commanded Ibn Saud's respect . . . These Americans discarded one essential element in any real contact, for the Arab who believes will only trust the Christian if he shows that he too believes in the One God." As a result, all the Arabs saw of America was "highly developed skill, a mechanized culture, and a very high standard of living." His comments on agricultural development sponsored by Americans are as shrewd as those on religion; and his sketches of Philby, Lawrence, and other figures on the Arabian scene are vivid. For those interested in contemporary Arabia it would be difficult to recommend a wiser, kinder, more sympathetic, yet highly critical guide than Mr. Van der Meulen.

PURITANS IN THE DESERT: Wahhabism is a relgion, a philosophy, a way of life to the Arab people of King Ibn Saud's desert kingdom. Originally established in the eighteenth century by Mohammed Ibn Abd al-Wahhab as a puritan movement, it preached a return to the unembellished word of the Prophet. All innovations to the religion of Islam acquired after the third Muslim era (about 950) were discarded. Plain living became the rule. Ostentation in modes of dress or living habits were precluded. Smoking of tobacco or hashish was forbidden. Throughout the years, the Wahhabis waged *jihads* or holy wars against the infidels or any who deviated from strict adherence to Wahhabi law. In the nineteenth century the Saud family lost much of its power and was confined to the tiny state of Kuwait. Since 1932, when Ibn Saud, the father of the present king of Saudi Arabia, restored his Arab kingdom, the Wahhabis have made their rigorous influence felt in the Middle East. The Wahhabis have made life generally uncomfortable for Americans working in the oil centers. Motion pictures, music, short trousers, and churches are all on the forbidden list. Any social exchange between Arab and American, other than for business dealings, has been frowned upon. Not too long ago, however, the King gave a royal nod to a group of American cameramen to film a documentary feature within the borders of Saudi Arabia.

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Another China?

"Will the Middle East Go West?," by Freda Utley *(Henry Regnery. 198 pp. $3), points to historical parallels between the fate of China and current events in Asia and North Africa. Her observations about them, about Suez and Israel are weighed for us by Dana Adams Schmidt, former* New York Times *correspondent in the Middle East.*

By Dana Adams Schmidt

FREDA UTLEY has been writing about Communism and the Far East for a long time. However controversial her views, she has written with the authority of personal observation and devoted study.

Now she has turned to the Middle East. She has toured the Arab capitals—but not Israel. She has studied some of the source materials about the area, with heavy emphasis on those favoring the Arabs against the Israelis. The result, as represented by this book, is somewhat mixed.

Miss Utley makes two valuable contributions to understanding of the Middle East: a parallel between China's historical fate in succumbing to Communism and the present danger that the Middle East and North Africa will follow a similar course; and thirty-two pages of richly documented background on the Suez Canal crisis of 1956.

Historical parallels are dangerous. But the parallel between what Moscow did to China in the 1920s and later and what is going on in Egypt and Syria is inescapable.

Then there was Stalin offering the new China political equality and economic help, and Sun Yat-sen accepting it because he could not see the danger and because he could not get from the West the help he needed. Then there was Chiang Kai-shek in 1927 turning the tables on the Communists, but losing to them in 1949 mainly, so Miss Utley says, because the West would not help him sufficiently and gave him bad advice.

Now there is Khrushchev with promises of aid for the Middle East Arabs, toying with Nasser, who does take the precaution of banning the Communist Party, but who otherwise will not acknowledge that Soviet trade and aid are dangerous.

One cannot help but wonder whether Nasser will turn out to be the Middle East's Sun Yat-sen; or whether the current union with Syria makes him the equivalent of Chiang in 1927, besting the Communists; and whether thirty years from now the Communists will have taken over the Middle East too.

About the Suez Canal a great many misstatements have been current since 1956, partly because so many journalists preferred to quote Mr. Dulles instead of looking up the background. Miss Utley has looked it up, and has digested it, and presented it usefully and lucidly on the whole.

But when it comes to the Israeli question all Miss Utley's craftsmanship does not avail to obscure her lack of knowledge, or her errors. Enumerating the latter would take too much space. Their slant is indicated by her remark that "whereas Arab murders of Israelis are well publicized in America, Israeli liquidations of Arabs are only occasionally reported in our press."

The fact is that except during the wave of commando raids from Egypt a year or so ago Israelis have most often been killed by infiltrators operating on their own responsibility, as smugglers or looters who shoot here and there when surprised. Usually these incidents are too small to interest the American press or even be reported from Israel. But when the Israelis, exasperated by the cumulative effect of a hundred pinpricks, strike back in a single organized and bloody raid, the whole world takes note. Remember Khan Yunis, in the Gaza Strip; remember Kibya, in Jordan. Go back to Deir Yassin, the Arab village outside Jerusalem, in 1948. All landmarks of death and hatred well posted in the press.

"CLASSLESS, SOCIALIST PARADISE": In an excellent collection of journalistic essays about contemporary China, **"No Dogs in China"** (Nelson, $4.95), William Kinmond explains why there have been no yelping, barking hounds in China since 1952. Mr. Chen Wei, a graduate of Harvard who works at the Chinese Foreign Ministry in Peking, offers the official government view: all dogs in China had to be killed six years ago when the United States opened its "aggressive" policy of germ warfare. Mrs. Li Teh-Chuan, Minister of Health, expands on Mr. Chen's thesis: dogs were the carriers of those American "bugs" and had to be destroyed to prevent the possible outbreaks of mass epidemics. Author William Kinmond, a veteran Canadian correspondent with a healthy sense of fourth-estate skepticism, apparently did not buy either explanation. He says there are no dogs in China because dogs eat too much; "in a country that is chronically short of food, what could be a more practical solution than to get rid of them?" Mr. Kinmond, who traveled extensively in China last year for the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, believes that Peking's success in transforming China into a "classless, socialist paradise" depends directly upon its ability to feed a booming population, which in nine years will probably reach 800,000,000 people. Just as the author is impressed with the harsh realities of Mao's unification of the Chinese mainland under a centralized government, he is equally depressed at the cost of economic privation and mental brainwashing that the Chinese people have had to pay for the implementation of a social dream in which they have little interest. Like many other Westerners who have journeyed in China, Mr. Kinmond is delightfully impressed by the Calvinist diligence, spontaneous humor, and basic intelligence of the Chinese. "No Dogs in China" may very easily be the finest, most comprehensive account of Red China in many years. —MARVIN L. KALB.

Pick of the Paperbacks

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. *By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. Bantam.* 50¢. Raskolnikov is the intellectual hero of Dostoevsky's 1866 novel, in which the crime is murder and infinite suffering is the punishment.

MAUPASSANT: A LION IN THE PATH. *By Francis Steegmuller. Universal.* $1.45. This engrossing literary biography follows the dappled career of the nineteenth-century short-story writer from his happy childhood in Normandy until his death in a madhouse at the age of forty-three.

THE NATURE OF LITERATURE. *By Herbert Read. Evergreen.* $1.95. These literary essays, by one of England's foremost critics, which appeared in *Criterion* and the *Times Literary Supplement*, discuss both the abstract form of poetry as well as the particular works of such writers as Henry James, Hawthorne, and Gerard Manley Hopkins.

PRIMITIVE RELIGION. *By Robert H. Lowie. Universal.* $1.25. An anthropological study searches out the characteristics common to early religious practices of diverse primitive tribes.

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Essayists

Continued from page 25

human is far faster still but speed is not its most important characteristic. For the first time consciousness reaches a high lever and (perhaps at least) purpose appears clearly for the first time, bringing value-judgment along with it. Most important of all man is a creature who can consciously and purposefully intervene in a process which no longer is—as it may always have been before—undirected by any intention.

The purpose of all religions has been to indicate "the relation between human desire and purpose on the one hand and cosmic chaos and indifference on the other." What Sir Julian calls "Evolutionary Humanism" must, he believes, undertake to perform that function for our age. Rejecting all supernaturalism, it must at the same time recognize the reality of much that old-fashioned materialism dismissed. "Man's most sacred duty and, at the same time his most glorious opportunity, is to promote the maximum fulfilment of the evolutionary process on this earth; and this includes the fullest realization of his own inherent possibilities." Among these possibilities are the very powers which have been in recent years so often called not possible at all. He is not merely the product of heredity and environment: His development may proceed "in very different ways according to circumstance and according to the individual's own efforts." Free-will is not a delusion because: "We are able to select between alternate courses of action, and this selection involves the activity known as will." Suddenly man has been "appointed director of the biggest business of all, the business of evolution—appointed without being asked if he wanted it, and without proper warning and preparation." But it is at least possible that he will prove worthy of the job. Sociology and psychology have tended recently to give us a very dismal image of man's nature and capacities. Biology retorts with a noble one.

Swan Song of a Poet-Philosopher

"Weekend in the Middle of the Week," by Oliver St. John Gogarty *(Doubleday. 285 pp. $4.50), posthumously published, is a potpourri of stories, essays, vignettes, and drama by the man who was the prototype for James Joyce's Buck Mulligan. The English essayist Frank Swinnerton reviews the collection for us.*

By Frank Swinnerton

THE Australian-born poet W. J. Turner once tried to analyze the differences between good talk in London, Paris, and Dublin. He came to the conclusion that for sustained brilliance the Irish talker beat the world; and after extolling, from personal experience, both Yeats and James Stephens, he included in his short list of masters Oliver Gogarty.

Now for those who never met Gogarty his place among the more celebrated masters would have been hard to credit but for two fortunate accidents. The first of these is that as a young man he shared a Martello tower with James Joyce, who drew him as Buck Mulligan, or, as he called himself, "Mercurial Malachi," in "Ulysses"; the second, that his own books, and in particular "As I Was Going Down Sackville Street," are the writings of an irresistible talker. "I find it so hard," he said, "to withhold what seems to me to be a witticism, especially when it is just born." He found it just as hard when he had pen in hand or typewriter before him.

He was poet, doctor, Senator; the friend and peer of Yeats, Joyce, and Stephens; a practical joker in the Irish manner at George Moore's expense, and a writer so wealthy in scholarship and happy phrase that a single word, such as "club" or "butler," set him yarning and generalizing with gay perfection. "I can't remember anything," Joyce made him say; "I remember only ideas and sensations." But he remembered men, also (including, not too idolatrously, Joyce himself), and he recorded traits and speeches with an exactitude which bespoke an eye and ear of the finest order.

This book, "A Weekend in the Middle of the Week," which contains thirty-three stories, essays, thumbnails, and a fantastic drama, is full of men who have lived and been witty. They are seen without cruelty or sentimentality, from professors and fellow-students at Trinity to those he met elsewhere in later years, from the victorious runner who drank half-a-dozen pints of Guinness before the race, to the registrar who slept when he should have been keeping the minutes at a board meeting. All are brilliant; all are like fine talk.

Here, too, are the brevities of a scholar and a poet who sang, he said, "old-fangled songs." He embraces the latest explanation of Swift's failure to marry Stella; he entertains a Japanese doctor who ultimately crushes him under a load of gifts; he walks round a portrait gallery and brings every picture to life; and he talks about poets as soldiers, as if you and I sat just across the table from him and shared his laughter. It is as easy as that, for

> I have been full of mirth;
> I have been full of wine;
> And I have trod the earth
> As if it all were mine;
> And laughed to bring to birth
> The lighter lyric line.

Yet not so easy, either, in its fundamentals. Gogarty was one of those great talkers who jests from full minds. "What is wrong here," he said of London, "is the absence of the metaphysical man." He was learned, courageous, and a patriotic Irishman. And he was completely at home in Dublin, where as recently as last year two laborers came to blows over the question whether the Bible was written by Henry Ford or Abraham Lincoln, and where "every man is a potential idler, poet, or friend."

While a Senator of the Irish Free State, he was seized in bed by gunmen, from whom he escaped (as may be read in this book) with desperate resource. He found a new life in the United States, where he died last fall. His work will not die. It will increase in reputation with the years. And while "A Weekend in the Middle of the Week" will quite rightly be read as enchanting diversion it is in fact the swan song of a poet and philosopher whose wit never was known to fail.

The Scholars

By Herbert A. Kenny

TO KEEP awake, Sun Ching
tied his pigtail over a beam
so that a nod would tingle
him back to his book.
St. Jerome held rocks in his hands
that dropped into cauldrons
if he dozed.
But a lean magician came,
shabby and bold
and St. Jerome did not hear the
clatter
nor Sun Ching feel
a thousand needles in the scalp.

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Crime

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capital punishment for all crimes save treason. Unfortunately, the bill could not muster enough support in Lords, and the result was the Homicide Act of 1957.

All the telling arguments against the death penalty are graphically presented: it does not deter the majority of murderers; it removes the possibility of reformation and rehabilitation; it is barbarous, immoral, and anachronistic; it always presents the danger of irremediable injustice through the execution of innocent persons, and it does not lead to any understanding of the causes of crime, without which lawlessness can never end.

Like Koestler and the Gowers Commission, the authors recognize that any change in existing theories of punishment for crime is impossible without the abrogation of the so-called McNaghten "right and wrong" rules as a legal test of insanity. In this they may find more support in this country than for their prime recommendation. In New York jurists, criminologists and psychiatrists recently met with Governor Harriman in a serious effort to examine the validity of the McNaghten rules. The presumption that a criminal defendant is sane unless he can show that he did not know the nature and quality of his act, or if he did know it, he did not know it was wrong, ignores all modern advancements in the field of psychiatry in favor of rules that date back to 184[illegible] Here again, as with capital punishment, the law is apparently unwilling to let go of an old standby until it acquires the pariah status that social advance eventually gave to the rack.

It would be a fair question to ask Messrs. Sington and Playfair what it is they propose to substitute for orthodox criminal punishment, and it is one they do not beg. They insist that punishment must be designed to fit the criminal, not the crime, and that cure be its primary aim. To support this thesis, they point to the example of Holland's celebrated Van der Hoeven Clinic, where abnormal offenders are treated during an indefinite period under essentially nonpunitive conditions. In an age of rising crime rates, they certainly merit an attentive and, I hope, sympathetic audience.

ROAD TO THE BENCH: Michael A. Musmanno is a prolific writer as well as a justice of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. He is also a bachelor, which probably explains the fact that he has been able to cram ten books into an extremely busy legislative and judicial career. He has apparently reached a stage in his life when he feels an irrepressible urge to reminisce, and **"Verdict!"** (Doubleday, $4.50) tells his story from the time he tried his first case in an old brown suit in 1923 until he donned the robes of an Allegheny County Judge eight years later.

From the beginning of "Verdict," when he announces that he won his first forty-two cases in a row, to the end, when he informs us that he was not only the youngest member of the Pennsylvania Legislature but the youngest judge in that state as well, one feels humble in the presence of a colossal conceit that would put a Gascon to shame.

But "Verdict!" does have its points, and the most significant of these is a moving and sympathetic analysis of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, an area which the author considered in an earlier book. Here Justice Musmanno's style and approach change, and, although he relapses much too swiftly, the pages in which he relates the tragic story of the unfortunate shoemaker and fish peddler make fine reading. In fact, the three chapters he devotes to this case comprise about the best short summary of it that I have ever read.

It must have taken a great deal of inspiration for young Musmanno, who was rapidly building what promised to be an excellent law practice in Pittsburgh, to give it up and offer his services to the Sacco-Vanzetti legal team, which had its headquarters in Boston. It is hard to believe that this is the same man who, almost thirty years later, authored the legislation that abolished the Communist Party in Pennsylvania. But in 1927, genuinely moved by the plight of the two anarchists and the apparent injustice of their conviction, he labored to the last minute for their salvation, and the extent of his efforts can be inferred from the inscription which Vanzetti wrote in the flyleaf of the Beards' "The Rise of American Civilization" ten days before his death: "To my friend and defender, Michael Angelo Musmanno."

Justice Musmanno is a man of considerable talent. Fortified by strong opinions and an enormous pride in himself, he has made his influence felt both in and out of Pennsylvania. When genuinely moved by matters of real social import (as he was by conditions in the Pennsylvania coal fields when he wrote "Black Fury") he is a man to be reckoned with, both as a writer and a participant. —W. M. K.

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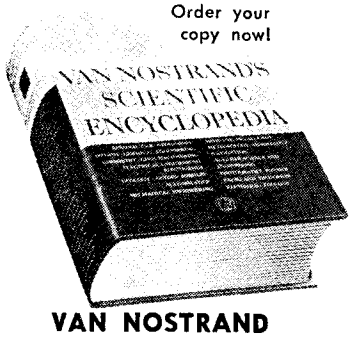

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Rights, Powers . . .

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not improve upon Professor Freund:

"The truth is that the clear-and-present danger test is an oversimplified judgment unless it takes account also of a number of other factors: the relative seriousness of the danger in comparison with the value of the occasion for speech or political activity; the availability of more moderate controls than those which the state has imposed; and perhaps the specific intent with which the speech or activity is launched. No matter how rapidly we utter the phrase 'clear and present danger,' or how closely we hyphenate the words, they are not a substitute for the weighing of values. They tend to convey a delusion of certainty when what is most certain is the complexity of the strands in the web of freedom that the judge must disentangle."

• • •

WHAT of those words that may be thought to have an evil effect upon morals, generally because they arouse lascivious emotions? The publication of these was a crime at common law, and the Supreme Court has very recently held that when a "legislative body concludes that the mores of the community call for an extension of the impermissible limits, an enactment aimed at the evil is plainly within its power, if it does not transgress the boundaries fixed by the Constitution for freedom of expression." I know of no such boundaries other than there shall have been an honest effort to weigh the values according to the prevalent mores.

• • •

ESSENTIALLY the same considerations apply to laws "respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," for here too there are no absolutes, and it is a question of balancing conflicting values. We have forbidden polygamy, though it was an honestly entertained article of the Mormon creed. Obviously we should forbid suttee, hara kiri, or such self-mutilation as in the past was a common practice in the worship of Adonis.

• • •

THE authority of courts to annul statutes (and, *a fortiori*, acts of the Executive) may, and indeed must, be inferred, although it is nowhere expressed, for without it we should have to refer all disputes between the "Departments" and states to popular decision, patently an impractical means of relief, whatever Thomas Jefferson may have thought. However, this power should be confined to occasions when the statute or order was outside the grant of power to the grantee, and should not include a review of how the power has been exercised.

• • •

THE most important issues concerning Free Speech arise when a majority of the voters are hostile, often bitterly hostile, to the dissidents against whom the statute is directed; and legislatures are more likely than courts to repress what ought to be free. It is true that the periods of passion or panic are ordinarily not very long, and that they are usually succeeded by a serener and more tolerant temper; but, as I have just said, serious damage may have been done that cannot be undone, and no restitution is ordinarily possible for the individuals who have suffered. This is a substantial and important advantage of wide judicial review.

• • •

EACH one of us must in the end choose for himself how far he would like to leave our collective fate to the wayward vagaries of popular assemblies. No one can fail to recognize the perils to which the last forty years have exposed such governments. . . . (But) for myself it would be most irksome to be ruled by a bevy of Platonic Guardians, even if I knew how to choose them, which I assuredly do not. If they were in charge, I should miss the stimulus of living in a society where I have, at least theoretically, some part in the direction of public affairs.

• • •

IF WE can find time for some other activity than forging fantastic engines of war and using them to destroy each other, who knows but we shall acquire so intimate an acquaintance with ourselves that we shall indeed discover principles that will be as objectively valid as those that govern inanimate things.

• • •

HERE are the words of the wisest of the Founding Fathers—Benjamin Franklin. The convention had finally agreed upon the form of the Constitution. It was engrossed and the vote was to be taken on Monday, September 17, 1787. Franklin had written out his reasons for voting in the affirmative. They completely represent the combination of tolerance and imagination that to me is the epitome of all good government.

"Mr. President, I confess there are several parts of this constitution which I do not at present approve, but I am not sure that I shall never approve them: For having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged by better information or fuller consideration to change opinions even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. It is therefore that the older I grow, the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment, and to pay more respect to the judgment of others.

Most men indeed as well as most sects in Religion, think themselves in the possession of all truth and that whatever others differ from them it is so far error. . . . In these sentiments, Sir, I agree to this Constitution with all its faults, if they are such, because I think a general Government necessary for us and there is no form of Government but what may be a blessing to the people if well administered, and believe farther that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in Despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people have become so corrupted as to need despotic Government, being incapable of any other. I doubt too whether any other Convention we can obtain may be able to make a better Constitution. For when you assemble a number of men to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men, all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfishness. From such an Assembly can a perfect production be expected? It therefore astonishes me, Sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are waiting with confidence to hear that our councils are confounded like those of the Builders of Babel; and that our States are on the point of separation, only to meet hereafter for the purpose of cutting one another's throats. Thus I consent, Sir, to this Constitution because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best. . . . On the whole, Sir, I cannot help expressing a wish that every member of the Convention who may still have objections to it, would with me, on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility—and to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument."

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Dr. Teller . . .

Continued from page 26

consistencies in Dr. Teller's position.

One of his principal reasons for continuing unlimited testing is that he is confident that eventually he can produce a "clean bomb." This is a startling way of describing a weapon with reduced radioactive fallout that has lost none of its power for incinerating millions of people. Most difficult of all to comprehend is why it should be necessary to spend billions of dollars to develop a bomb to get rid of a radioactive hazard that is supposed to be negligible in the first place.

Next, we have his remarkable statement that the peril of radioactive fallout is even less than that represented by the infinitesimal amount of radiation a man receives from the radium dial on his watch. This has disturbed some scientists, who point out that, though this statement is technically true, it is important to understand that there is a difference between the effects of external radiation and internal radiation. A man can wear a radium-dial wrist watch with a high degree of safety, but if he opened the face of that watch and began to eat small quantities of the radium he would be exposing himself to diseases of blood and bone. Similarly, the external radiation from fallout so far may not be great, but when radioactive strontium gets into the body through contaminated vegetables or milk or meat it can be highly dangerous. Moreover, the amount of such strontium now in food will be increased many times in the next few years. Every little bit that enters the body is stored and represents a hazard to the nucleic acid and bone structure particularly. There is no mention of this by Dr. Teller.

Now we come to the most important issues of all, both of which are overlooked by Dr. Teller.

We have every right to take whatever risks we wish in the pursuit of our own security. But we do not have the right—nor do the Russians, the British, or anyone else about to enter the nuclear arms race—to take risks for other peoples without their consent.

The radioactive materials put into the atmosphere through nuclear explosions cannot be confined to any given area. This means that a nuclear explosion affects all peoples—not merely the people of the nation exploding a bomb.

THE real issue emerging from all this, therefore, is a simple one: Does any nation have the moral right to jeopardize the health of other people in the pursuit of its own policies? The American people fought a revolution less than two centuries ago because vital decisions concerning them were made without their consent. The issue today is even more basic for the world's peoples, who have every right to demand: "No contamination without representation."

The second argument in favor of a massive effort to bring about worldwide cessation of testing is that, with or without respect to radioactivity, nuclear weapons are now so powerful that the old idea of warfare, as well as the purposes of warfare, are obsolete. Both the nuclear arms race and the human situation itself today are spinning out of control. A start must be made at some point. Some nation is going to have to make an assertion of conscience and sanity in attempting that start. America made the first nuclear weapon. There is no reason why we can't be equally determined and ingenious in pressing for the essential controls.

Finally, Dr. Teller refers to the "spirit of adventure" and the "fearless exploration of the unknown" in connection with nuclear testing. The spirit of adventure that is most needed in our time has nothing to do with devices for disfiguring or shattering human life. If our energies and our imaginations are to be commanded by adventure, let it be in the cause of a purposeful peace. —N. C.

Running a Temperature

By John Woods

STRAIGHT down, the noon was boarding up the trees.
Only shadows moved, toadstool squat
Beneath the driveway stone. The gaities
Of birdland closed. The heat was on our spot.

In every livingroom, the years of wax,
Of soap and frying seized us by the breath.
We steamed in candlemolds, in buckwheat stacks,
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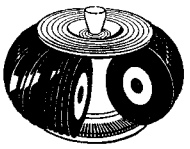

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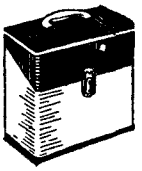

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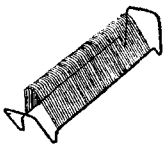

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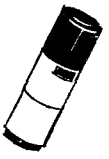

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Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Two-headed ice ax used esp. in Switzerland.	12 50 79 31 112 120
B. Potent expressiveness in words.	99 32 160 81 188 24 148 168 33
C. The age when "man suspects himself a fool" (Young's "Night Thoughts").	58 144 123 114 3 183
D. Miss Kitt, popular songstress.	124 131 47 154 6 184
E. Characteristic of Baltimore's old architecture (2 wds.).	89 36 1 186 176 69 197 127
F. Said of mammals, such as the marsupials, whose young are underdeveloped at birth.	18 162 63 14 104 145 122 108 82 167
G. Heavy stick, often bamboo bound with iron (India).	159 27 185 163 2
H. Obliterate.	7 45 109 190 68 116
I. English educator, in Siam as tutor to royal family, etc. (1863-1920).	52 73 196 169 80 135
J. Twice as quickly (4 wds.).	85 178 136 96 26 134 174 4 129 5 113 60 8
K. Middle name, former Vice-President Garner.	161 195 191 78 46
L. Economist who enunciated the "law" that, when unequal coins are equal in debt-paying power, the one with least intrinsic value is used, the others hoarded.	87 118 179 62 64 77 139
M. The muskrat.	17 146 54 158 13 141 180
N. The jellymaker's sine qua non.	37 83 10 97 21 93
O. Visible object representing another by close association.	61 90 151 132 38 138
P. One of the four great battles included at Sevastopol, 1855.	70 171 192 164 86
Q. A republic whose language is Catalan.	88 67 29 133 130 56 155
R. Frighten.	22 194 117 181 173 175 91
S. Finally (3 wds.).	59 74 102 39 142 150 28 49
T. Larger than life, or the norm.	15 128 48 84 125 156 23 55 41
U. Norse opposite numbers to the Greek Moirai, and the Roman Parcae.	157 75 25 51 71
V. Make appear ridiculous; invalidate.	19 107 34 182 94 153 44 193
W. Pertaining to audible or visible speech.	65 9 95 170 111 40 101 119 149
X. Opposite number to the foreword.	105 76 115 137 35 20 187 152 172
Y. Mineral deposit that fills a fissure in rock.	98 121 165 166
Z. Outcome; progeny.	92 189 126 43 11
Z^1. Prayer.	140 106 72 42 147 57
Z^2. Places to swim, esp. if artificial.	16 30 110 100 143 53 177 66 103

1 E	2 G	3 C	4 J		5 J	6 D	7 H		8 J	9 W	10 N	11 Z	12 A	13 M	14 F	15 T
16 Z^2		17 M	18 F		19 V	20 X	21 N	22 R	23 T	24 B	25 U	26 J	27 G	28 S	29 Q	
30 Z^2	31 A	32 B		33 B	34 V	35 X	36 E	37 N	38 O		39 S	40 W	41 T		42 Z^1	43 Z
44 V	45 H	46 K	47 D	48 T	49 S		50 A	51 U		52 I	53 Z^2	54 M	55 T	56 Q	57 Z^1	
58 C	59 S	60 J	61 O	62 L		63 F	64 L	65 W		66 Z^2	67 Q	68 H	69 E	70 P	71 U	72 Z^1
73 I	74 S		75 U	76 X		77 L		78 K	79 A	80 I	81 B	82 F	83 N	84 T	85 J	86 P
87 L		88 Q	89 E	90 O	91 R		92 Z	93 N	94 V	95 W		96 J	97 N		98 Y	99 B
100 Z^2	101 W	102 S		103 Z^2		104 F	105 X	106 Z^1	107 V		108 F	109 H		110 Z^2	111 W	112 A
113 J	114 C		115 X	116 H	117 R	118 L	119 W	120 A	121 Y	122 F	123 C	124 D	125 T		126 Z	127 E
128 T	129 J	130 Q	131 D	132 O		133 Q	134 J		135 I	136 J	137 X	138 O		139 L	140 Z^1	141 M
142 S		143 Z^2	144 C	145 F	146 M		147 Z^1	148 B	149 W	150 S		151 O	152 X	153 V	154 D	155 Q
156 T	157 U		158 M	159 G	160 B	161 K	162 F		163 G	164 P	165 Y		166 Y	167 F	168 B	169 I
170 W	171 P	172 X		173 R	174 J		175 R	176 E	177 Z^2		178 J	179 L	180 M	181 R	182 V	183 C
	184 D		185 G	186 E	187 X	188 B	189 Z	190 H	191 K	192 P		193 V	194 R	195 K	196 I	197 E

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Otello," in Part - - Bruno Walter - - Bjoerling

ALL OPERAS which survive the attrition of use to become repertory works are, in some ways or other, masterpieces, but Verdi's "Otello" is in all ways such a masterpiece that one loathes seeing it treated like "just another opera," its current fate at the Metropolitan. In Mario del Monaco (Otello) and Leonard Warren (Iago) Rudolf Bing has as strong a pair for these roles as the current scene provides. Adding Victoria de los Angeles as Desdemona was a promising instance of good will, and the qualities which Fausto Cleva has to offer as conductor are by no means inconsequential.

However, "Otello" requires the "new production" treatment not merely to get away from the frightfully commonplace remnants of Donald Oenslager's twenty-year-old setting, but also to expose the personnel to a thorough brushing-up on ensemble (and a brushing-out of some individualistic traits). The chorus sings powerfully in Acts I and III, rather poorly in Act II; Del Monaco makes some welcome efforts to vary his insistent lunge, vocally, with a decorous mezzo forte or two, but this lunge-power would make much more effect with a restraining directorial hand; Warren steadily improves his Iago, vocally, but could profit from a recasting of the physical image he presents.

Desdemona is a new part to De los Angeles, and she has ample vocal resources to make something memorable of it. As yet, however, she has not formulated a consistent vocal sound, tending too much to full voice and broad lines. The climax of Act III was warmly projected, and her "Salce, Salce" had a good deal of ear appeal, though it tended to pathos rather than poignance. Dramatically, De los Angeles's Desdemona consists of two outstretched hands—sufficient for some operatic heroines, but hardly for such a character as Desdemona.

Cleva's contribution to his first "Otello" at the Metropolitan was initially impressive, with a riotous outburst for the storm scene urgently pushed ahead, and a warm evocation of mood for the love duet. However, as the score progressed to such star turns as Iago's "Credo," Otello's "Addio," and the climaxing duet of Act II, he tended to provide accompaniments rather than leadership. Warren's "Era la notte" was perhaps the most beautiful single stint of singing he has ever done at the Metropolitan—a sweeping statement appropriate to the new broom of finesse he applied to it—but the orchestral elements never quite merged with the vocal. Rosalind Elias was a new and able Emilia, Paul Franke (Cassio), Charles Anthony (Roderigo), Clifford Harvuot (Montana), and Nicola Moscona (Lodovico) as good as circumstances required.

MARIA CALLAS's last Lucia of the season was also Eugenio Fernandi's first Edgardo, the two elements providing a spice this oft-served dish sometimes lacks. His appealing, well-focused sound increased in effectiveness as the evening progressed, though the fit is not yet as close as the costume he wore (miraculously extended from its Jan Peerce usage). Fernandi tends to spend his energies recklessly, which is natural for a young singer. Let us hope the corrective experience is not too dearly bought. Mario Sereni as Enrico and Giorgio Tozzi as Raimondo added more than a little to the total of good sound.

In "Lucia," as in her later "Tosca," Callas had a more supple, responsive vocal organ at her disposal than in these parts last year. Thus, she was able to execute, in depth, the concepts which sometimes were only on the surface previously. In the requirements of Donizetti, the voice was free, limpid, and beautifully true to its own evocative timbre throughout: in those of Puccini, it ranged from the poised, suggestive "Mario, Mario" of her offstage introduction to a dramatically formulated "Vissi d'arte" which left the audience in a turmoil.

As Lucia, she delivered the flourishes and roulades of Donizetti's writing with a nicety of phrasing and a comprehension of musical meaning usually reserved to the best players of Chopin's Nocturnes. As Tosca, she defined both the undercurrents and overtones of Puccini's invention with faultless emphasis, whether it was the devout communicant of Act I, the worldly actress who throws her "Quando?" at Scarpia with a casual candor completely in character, or the womanly human who kills in desperation and repents in despair. On balance, Callas might well surrender Lucia if she cannot manage the final high E flat of the "Mad Scene" better than she does—a sheer vanity, in any case, as it is not in the score—in favor of more manageable matters.

Her associates in Tosca were Richard Tucker, singing powerfully as Cavaradossi when he was not straining for an impetuosity not in his nature, and Walter Cassel, a Scarpia of timetested virtues and some vices evolved for the occasion. Among the latter were a Roman nose that was perilously poised, and some vocal growls that were imperiously unpoised. He managed the acting feat of the evening in sitting out, impassively, the long applause for his partner's "Vissi d'arte." Dimitri Mitropoulos provided a restraining hand when it was most wanted, ample energy elsewhere.

THE Bruno Walter "sound" was warmly welcomed upon his reappearance, following a heart attack a year ago, as director of a Pension Fund concert of the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall. Some might describe it as the Vienna Philharmonic sound, but any conductor who could evoke it from this orchestra's playing of the "Leonore No. 2" of Beethoven, Mozart's "Linz" (No. 36) Symphony, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," and Schubert's "Unfinished," after but a few hours' rehearsal, obviously carries it with him. Save for a rather slow-gaited Mozart, the experience was lustrous, pulsating, as warm as a handclasp.

IN ITS subscription sequence directed by Mitropoulos, the Philharmonic performed a First Symphony by Yeorgo Sicilianos, a Greek composer in his early thirties. Among other audacities to be expected in such circumstances, Sicilianos has undertaken to blend a twelve-tone "row" with conventional procedures. His abundant aptitudes did not include the mastery for such a feat, but it points an interesting road for the future.

Jussi Bjoerling (no longer Rudolf Bing's favorite tenor) made his only appearance of the season in a Carnegie Hall recital which trod a decorous course of Schubert ("An die Leier," "Sylvia," "Die Forelle"), Beethoven ("Adelaide"), and Brahms "Staendchen" before digressing to the operatic encores his audience was avidly awaiting. A conscious artist now, and one of no little subtlety, Bjoerling is sorely missed at Broadway and 39th Street. According to my favorite music critic, Charley the Doorman, Bjoerling's voice was "in good shape," an opinion in which I heartily concur.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

MAN WITH THE BLUE GUITAR

By HERB SHULTZ

IN PLOT Number 2022-G of Philadelphia's Holy Cross Cemetery, there is a ten-foot granite monument with the beautifully sculptured bas-relief of a young man and his guitar. For visitors with long memories it will evoke thoughts of a vanished musical era. The stone marks the final resting place of a jazz pioneer known as Eddie Lang, who died suddenly at the peak of his fame and ability just twenty-five years ago this month.

Lang's real name was Salvatore Massaro. He was a dark-haired, good-looking Italian boy from South Philadelphia who was a colorful jazz personality—a classy pool player, a sharp dresser, a man who made records with Teagarden and Armstrong at nine o'clock in the morning sitting around a gallon jug of whiskey. He also was the man who invented the art of playing hot guitar. In his hands, it was transformed from a simple, four-beat rhythm instrument into a pulsing jazz voice, vibrant and alive with creative musical ideas.

Looking back with the perspective of a quarter century, it is a little surprising that his tragic death did not stir up a splendid jazz legend. All the storybook elements were present. Potentially, Lang could have made a superb lost-generation hero, with a faint halo lingering round his brow, like Bix, Teschemaker, Rapollo, and the other early jazzmakers whose careers were cut off in prime.

The legend of Eddie Lang—for better or worse—never materialized. But his musicianship was always highly esteemed, and his brief life story was solidly flavored with the yesterdays of jazz.

It was in 1922, according to an interesting theory proposed by Lang's boyhood friend Joe Venuti, that the first jazz concert in history took place. It was held in the men's room of a hotel in Atlantic City, New Jersey, before an audience which included gentlemen in white ties, a bootblack, a wash-room attendant, waiters, policemen, and stray drifters in off the street. Admission was free and there were no ladies present. Among the musical performers were Eddie Lang, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, and Venuti himself on violin.

Eddie Lang—"the legend never began."

Venuti's story bears repeating if only to show that the young jazzmen of the East had their own whimsical memories to rival those of New Orleans, Chicago, and Kansas City. Furthermore, the tale is based on fact. It was in Atlantic City that Venuti and Lang, playing a hotel date with a straight dance orchestra, first discovered "hot" music through the Dorsey boys, who were working a job across the street.

This contact marked the start of young Lang's true musical career. Soon afterwards he commenced playing dance dates and making records with his new-found friends.

The very mention of these recording groups is enough to recapture the aroma of the early jazz era. There were the Mound City Blue Blowers, the Charleston Chasers, Red Nichols's Five Pennies, the Cotton Pickers, Miff Mole and His Little Molers, and many others. A year or two later there were records with the big bands of Jean Goldkette and Paul Whiteman, a series of Venuti-Lang duets—and the sides labelled Tram-Bix-Lang, made with Beiderbecke and Frank Trumbauer.

Although it has become current practice in some circles to snigger at the music produced by these white recording groups, the importance of their records in jazz history can scarcely be overestimated. They were sold and distributed widely, in this country and abroad as well. To a considerably greater extent than the records of such New Orleans heroes as King Oliver and Jelly-Roll Morton, they helped create an avid, worldwide audience for what was then called "hot music." Those of us who collected these records, shuffled through junk shop piles for them, learned their solos and breaks by heart before we knew the names of the musicians who played on them, cranked the wind-up handles of our old machines to replay them until our elbows ached, will always keep them wrapped in tender remembrance. This is true even if our jazz tastes later evolved along other lines.

Replaying these jazz originals, the listener finds that many are flawed in one way or another but that, in general, they show a surprising freshness, good humor and sparkle. Lang's work in particular comes across the years pure as gold. His single string choruses have a genuine hot accent; his chording and harmonies are ingenious. There is no question he was an artist of the first rank.

Eddie was born October 25, 1904, in the family home near 15th and Fitzwater Streets in South Philadelphia. He was the youngest of ten children. There was a strong musical tradition in the family; his father, Dominick Massaro, had been a guitar maker in the old country and all the children played instruments of one sort or another. Young Ed—Salvatore in those days—was strumming on a home-made miniature guitar, fashioned by his father from a cigar box, before he was old enough to go to school.

AT THE age of nine Eddie began serious music lessons—first on violin and later on guitar, studying long and faithfully under a Professor Luccantonio. He practiced hours daily, though at the start his fingers were scarcely large enough to stretch across the frets and form chords on the six-stringed Spanish guitar. These facts dispel the notion, reported in many jazz books, that Eddie could not read music. The truth is that he scorned written arrangements, preferring to create his own harmonies. But his improvisations sprang from a background of strict musical training.

Music aside, his main boyhood interests were basketball and shooting pool. He made a name for himself in both fields. As a young basketball player he patterned his style after an older local star named Eddie Lang, and this was the name he adopted a few years later when he became a professional guitarist.

Everyone who knew Eddie remarks on his pool-playing ability. His brothers and the old family friends still living in Philadelphia take pride in recalling the exhibition matches he

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played with Willie Mosconi, Ralph Greenleaf and other stars of the billiard parlor world. Bing Crosby, with whom Lang toured toward the end of his life, devotes a long section of his autobiography, "Call Me Lucky," to his skill. "It's my guess," said Bing, "that he made more money at pool than he did accompanying me."

By the time he was eighteen, Lang was immersed in the world of jazz. The Mound City Blue Blowers, with whom he made his earliest records, provided one of his first regular jobs. Lang accompanied this four-man group of Red McKenzie's on one of the pioneer overseas jazz expeditions —playing eight weeks in London at the Hotel Piccadilly. They were a smash success.

Shortly after his return from London, Eddie began a period of drifting with other good hot men from one to another of the big bands of the mid-1920s. At various times he played with Ray Miller, Roger Wolfe Kahn, Goldkette, and, slightly later, with Paul Whiteman. He was a featured member of the Whiteman band when the movie "The King of Jazz" was filmed.

Frankie Trumbauer, the creamy-toned hot saxophone player who worked with Lang on many of these jobs, described how Eddie carried his parts for the entire Whiteman library of tunes on a small business card in his breast coat pocket. Trumbauer's remarks are quoted in the excellent jazz book by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff, "Hear Me Talkin' to Ya."

"There would be some intricate modulation to play," Frank recalled, "and rarely in radio rehearsals would we have time to set these things, so Whiteman said one time 'You take the modulation, Eddie.' During the program that night, just before the modulation, the excitement of the entire band could be felt because it hadn't been rehearsed and the boys were wondering if Eddie remembered. All he had were a few marks on that little card—marks that meant nothing to anyone but Eddie himself.

"Came the modulation—and the master played it from another world. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and, from that day on, when Eddie would say 'I got it' everyone realized he knew what he was talking about."

The very best of Lang's recorded work came from this same period of the latter Twenties—but not with the big bands. He made a series of guitar solos, "April Kisses," "Eddie's Twister," and many others of his own compositions. Transcriptions of these arrangements are still in print and are studied today by advanced guitar students. Lang also played for many of the leading vocal artists of the record world—Bessie Smith, Victoria Spivey, Sophie Tucker—and accompanied such men as Tommy Dorsey and Boyd Senter in a number of "hot" instrumental novelties. Perhaps most colorful of all were the Okeh "race" labels Lang recorded under the pseudonym "Blind Willie Dunn." Some of these were guitar duets with the old New Orleans blues man, Lonnie Johnson. On others, Eddie recorded with King Oliver and Clarence Williams as "Blind Willie Dunn's Gin Bottle Four."

It is generally agreed that the first jazz records to include both white and Negro performers were made one day when Jelly-Roll Morton sat in with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings at a session for Gennett in Richmond, Indiana. The next ones to break the color line, despite a contrary theory in the new book "The Jazzmakers," which picks a February 1929 date of Eddie Condon's, were quite probably these Okeh sides of Lang's. He produced many dozens of them, starting in the summer of 1928 and playing regularly with a wide variety of Negro vocalists and musicians.

Together with Jack Teagarden and Joe Sullivan, he appeared on the first mixed date under Louis Armstrong's leadership. This was the now-famous record of "Knockin' a Jug," recorded at 9 a.m. one chilly morning of March, 1929. The boys had been making music together all night and they took a gallon jug of whiskey with them in a taxicab when they went to the studio. The record is a traditional twelve-bar blues, played in a well-loosened, relaxed style; it opens with Lang's chording, followed by a string of fine solos, and finally ending with some of Armstrong's nicest blues work. After it was over and the man from Okeh records asked them what the title was, the boys were stumped for a moment. Then Armstrong, Lang and Kaiser Marshall, Louis's drummer, looked at the empty jug in the center of the floor. Louis was the one who named it: "Man, we sure knocked that jug of whiskey—you can call it 'Knockin' a Jug'."

THE universal description of Eddie Lang by those who knew him is that of an easygoing fellow, a nice sort of guy to have around. But perhaps the gentlest picture of his personality are some warm words of Lonnie Johnson quoted in the Hentoff-Shapiro book:

"I well remember Eddie Lang. He was the nicest man I ever worked with. Eddie and I got together many a time in the old Okeh record studios in New York, and we made many sides together with just two guitars.

"Eddie was a fine man. He never argued. He didn't tell me what to do; he would ask me. Then, if everything was okay, we'd sit down and get to jiving. I've never seen a man like him since. *He could play guitar better than anyone I know.* And I've seen plenty in my day."

Johnson's opinion agrees with the general verdict of jazz historians. In 1951, many years after his death, Lang was picked in a leading jazz magazine poll as the "All Time—All Star" man on his instrument—this despite the emergence in the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s of Dick McDonough, Carmen Mastren, Charlie Christian, Freddie Green, Teddy Bunn and a great many other really fine guitarists.

All of these men owed a debt to Lang's creativeness. Looking care-

—Remington Studio.

The star-studded Paul Whiteman Band of the late 1920s included, among other notables, the trio shown above, left to right: pianist Lennie Hayton, vocalist Bing Crosby, and guitarist Eddie Lang.

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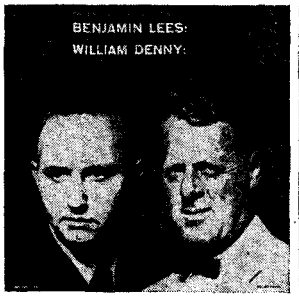

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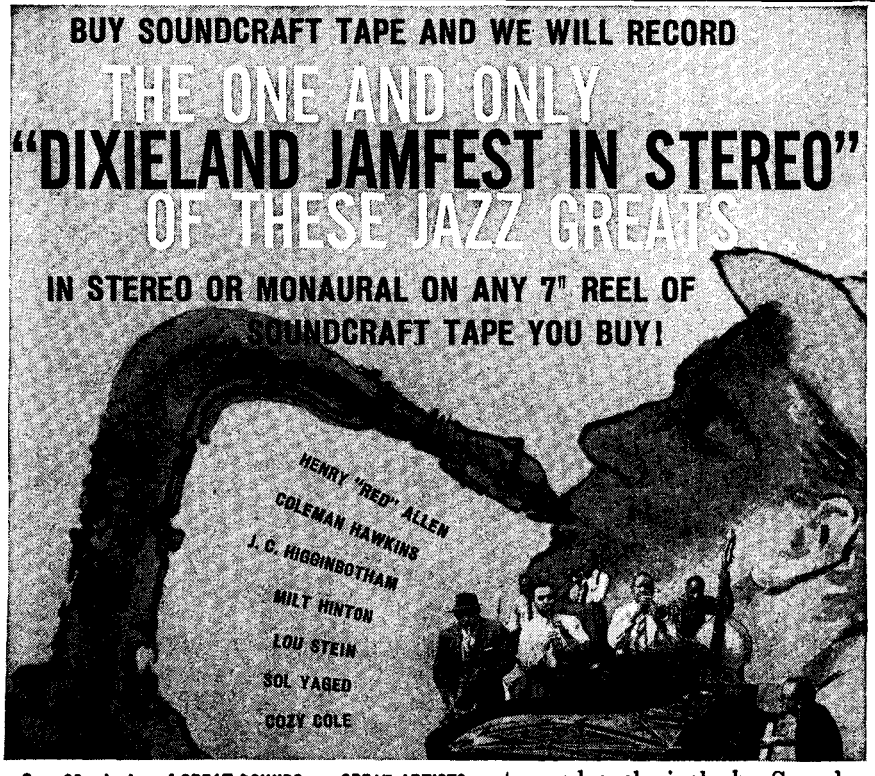

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fully at the range of his recorded work, it becomes clear that Eddie developed the modern guitar style, that he was responsible for edging the once-popular tenor banjo off somewhere in the direction of left field, and that he brought a new and exciting sound to the jazz world.

In the early 1930s Lang was working as hard and regularly as ever, but his production of better jazz records thinned out considerably. He made a few good sides with a recording band under his own name, and there was one memorable session in 1932 by a Venuti-Lang group of all-stars, including Benny Goodman, Teagarden and other top men.

During these depression years, when many other jazzmen were out of regular jobs, Lang worked with Ruth

One of the pioneer overseas jazz expeditions was made by the four-man "Mound City Blue Blowers." This picture, taken in Hyde Park, London, in November 1924, shows from left to right: Ed Lang, Red McKenzie, Jack Bland, and Dick Slevin.

Etting and toured with Crosby, whom he had been close to since the Whiteman days. Shortly after appearing with Bing in the feature film "Big Broadcast of 1933," Eddie returned to New York and entered the hospital for a tonsillectomy, to clear up a nagging throat condition which had troubled him for months. He entered the operating room at noon on March 26, 1933, developed an embolism while still under anesthesia, and died at 3 p.m. without regaining consciousness.

They brought him back to his brother Tom's house in Philadelphia, only a short distance from where he had been born in obscurity twenty-eight years before. The funeral was attended by a large delegation of luminaries from the music world. Then they laid him to rest in Holy Cross Cemetery; a year later the handsome tombstone was put in place—the life history of Salvatore Ed-Lang-Blind-Willie Massaro was ended.

And the legend never began.

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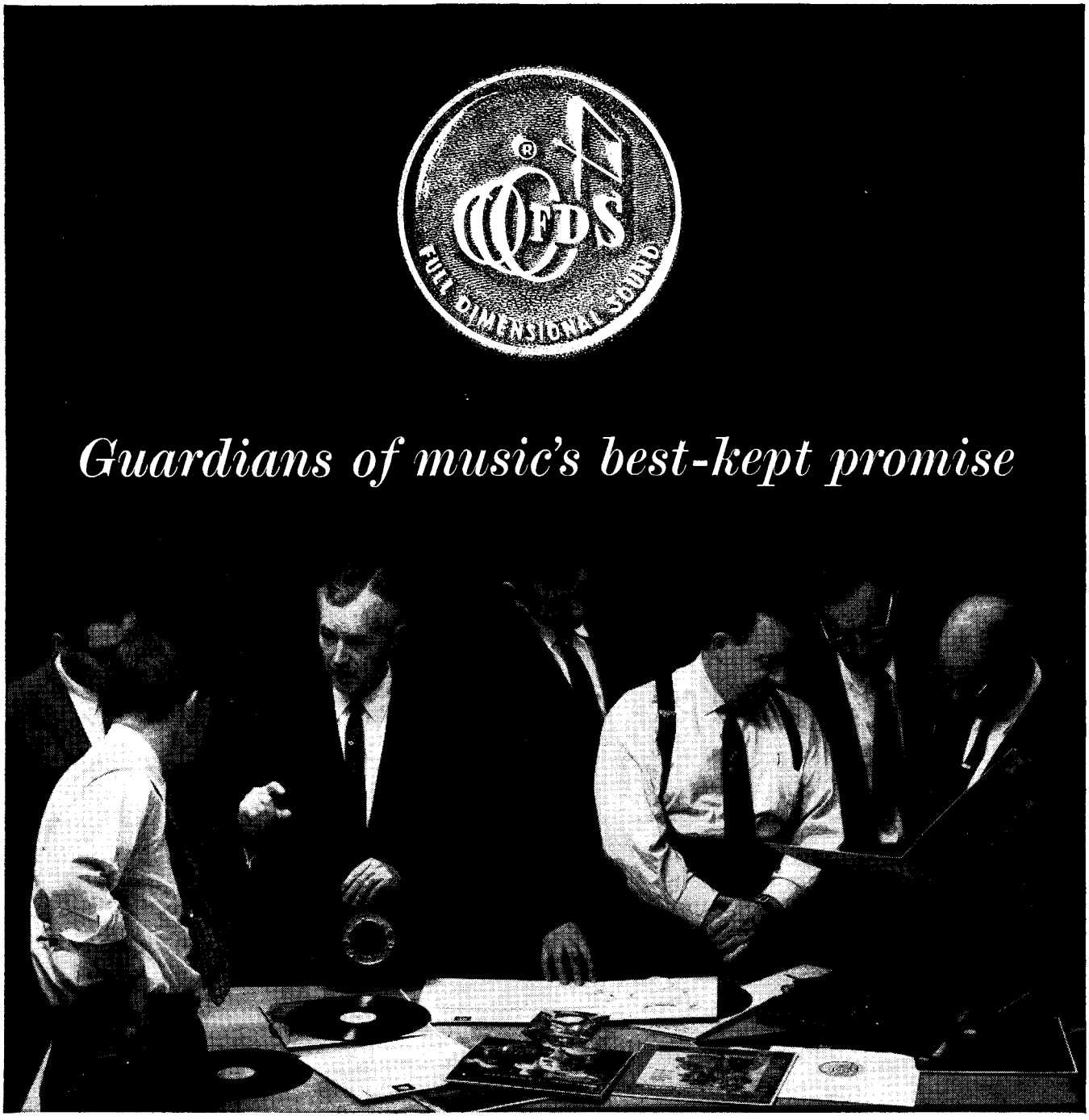

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Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

WORK, PERFORMERS, DATA	REPORT
Birks Works. Dizzy Gillespie Big Band "Jor-Du," "Umbrella Man," "Autumn Leaves." Verve MG V-8222, $4.98.	"Jor-Du" is soulful but not unhappy. A combination of band vocal, Diz's inimitable personal touch via vocal and his wonderful trumpet chorus make "Umbrella Man" sound good, which isn't easy to do. Ernie Wilkin's arrangement of "Left Hand Corner" is something to hear, as is Diz throughout. The band plays, as always, with feeling and fantastic enthusiasm.
Buddy Rich Just Sings. "Cathy," "Devil and the Deep Blue Sea," "Over the Rainbow," etc. Verve MG V-2075, $3.98.	Buddy Rich sings with the nice beat expected of him. Although he phrases as musically as he can, he has a little intonation trouble on the slow tunes. He seems comfortable on "Devil" and "You Took Advantage of Me." Ben Webster and Harry Edison play the greatest whenever they're heard. Fine backing by bassist Joe Mondragon and drummer Alvin Stoller.
Chick Willis Wails the Blues. "My Story," "I Feel So Bad," "One More Break." Epic LN 3425, $3.98.	This is a rock-and-roll album. I don't know how it snuck in here.
Dixieland from the Deep North. Harry Blons and the Mendota Buzzards. "Til We Meet Again," "Do You Miss New Orleans," etc. Zephyr ZP 12008K, $3.98.	The liner notes on this are pretty awful. For one thing, they don't list the soloists. Most impressive of the musicians were Thomas McGovern on piano, Harry Blons on tenor (I think) on "Keepin' Out Of Mischief." Trombonist Gerald Mullaney and one of the trumpet players (probably Bob Gruenenfelder) contribute nicely. The musicians could undoubtedly have played more interestingly if they wanted to. Maybe they read the album comments before they recorded.
Easy Swing. Nat Pierce and Mel Powell Orchs. "Stomp It Off," "Ezz-May," "Firebug," "Constance." Vanguard VRS 8519, $4.98.	Nat's expert writing and musical good taste should have paid off for him more than it has. The great rhythm section of Jo, Walter and Freddie, are on this. Not only does Nat add plenty but he never interferes with the fine choruses of Richie Kamuca and Doug Mettome. Very pleasant side. Mel's composition "Ezz-May," the humorous "Firebug" and Bob Wilburs "Easy Swing" make a lovely mixture of music. It's always a privilege to hear Mel. Why doesn't he come out of hiding?
Gee Baby Ain't I Good To You. Harry Edison. "Blues For Bill Basie," "Taste On the Place," "You're Getting To Be A Habit." Verve MG V-8211, $4.98.	Harry Edison and Ben Webster make this album a treasure. They complement each other beautifully. A high groove is maintained throughout. Peterson plays some pretty piano.
Goin' To Chicago. Jimmy Rushing. "I Want a Little Girl," "Leave Me," "Sent For You Yesterday," "How Long." Vanguard VRS 8518, $4.98.	If Rushing made an album all by himself, it would still bring joy to the world. As it is, he has Jo, Walter, Buddy Tate and Henderson Chambers doing a fine job of backing him up. The trumpet player, Pat Jenkins, should be heard more often. Pianist Sam Price plays better on this than he's ever done before or after. This is Jimmy's show and he's outstanding.
Hallelujah Hamp. Lionel Hampton. "Tenderly," "Foggy Day," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Indiana." Verve MG V-8226, $4.98.	Of all Hamp's recent releases, this is the first really enjoyable session. Although the personnel is the same as the earlier albums, the accompaniment is just that, and no one interferes with the champ. "Hamp's Boogie Woogie" is the only track that reverts to the boiler factory scene. "Tenderly," "Hallelujah," and "Honeysuckle" are most listenable.
I Got Rhythm. Teddy Wilson. "Savoy," "Say It Isn't So," "All Of Me," "Blues For Daryl." Verve MG V-2073, $3.98.	This is the way the trio played all night, and it was a drag when each set ended. Jo Jones is always a part of the song. He takes some wonderful solos. Gene Ramey is a very talented and much under-rated bassist. The dozen standards heard are all made to sound fresh and new. Anything Teddy plays is a classic. Four bows for Mr. Wilson.
Jazz Showcase. The Master Sounds. "Un Poco Loco," "Wes' Tune," "Lover," "Dexter's Deck.' World Pacific PJM 403, $4.98.	Well, here's another group that has achieved some sort of perfection as an ensemble, but insists on fitting every number into a cliche-ridden formula. Because they're fine instrumentalists, they get a lovely rhythm section sound, but the lack of variety in the solos makes their jazz conception questionable.
Dial J J 5. J. J. Johnson Quintet. "Teapot," "Barbados," "In A Little Provincial Town," "Cette Chose." Columbia CL 1084, $3.98.	Mr. Johnson is a fine gentleman and a superb instrumentalist. He has assembled a group of compatible musicians unfortunately given to the kind of phrasing that makes one long for any cowboy singing a melody. There's not a track on the album that has any emotional value. This will not affect J. J. Johnson fans in the least, I am happy to say.
Night Mist. George Shearing Quintet with Voices. "Polka Dots and Moonbeams," "Darn That Dream," "Where Are You." Capitol T 943, $3.98.	This doesn't hurt the ears at all. The expertly arranged, beautiful voices are those of the Jud Conlon Choir. Every now and then, Shearing breaks away from the block chords and plays a few lovely bars of jazz. Some very pretty melodies.
Soliloquy. Erroll Garner. "If I Had You," "I Surrender Dear," "No More Time." Columbia CL 1098, $3.98.	This man has always loved melodies and improvisation. His individuality is the result of having absorbed all styles, from way back till now. Two of his own compositions "No More Time" and "Soliloquy," are brilliantly done. So is the rest of the album.
Sound of Jazz. Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Red Allen, Pee Wee Russell, etc. "Wild Man Blues," "Fine and Mellow," "Rosetta." Columbia CL 1098, $3.98.	This album was made in conjunction with the CBS TV show of the same name. Since all the people who made the show are on the album, it's impossible to mention everyone. The Basie All Star band with Rushing was great, Pee Wee plays a blues with Guiffre and, in spite of Danny Barker's loud stiff guitar, manages to blow fine. If you love the late jazz, you saw the show. If you saw the show, you'll dig the album. The album is dedicated to Walter Page, one of the greatest bassists and human beings, ever. —RUBY BRAFF.

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PRO AND CONDON

The San Francisco Jazz

WHAT in the name of God has got into them out there in San Francisco? Isolation (there it sits at the far end of the country, distance and the fog cutting it off from the mainstream of our cultural life), or boredom (those earthquakes are few and far between), or ambition (having achieved the physical aspects of a metropolis, it strives to assume a metropolitan personality) have driven this city to produce some noteworthy examples of nitwitted behavior in recent years . . . and we are not thinking only of the antics of the childish Beatsters, who are merely extremely symptomatic. We first became aware that something was wrong a few years ago when Jack Crystal, of the New York Commodore Music Shop, the iron lung of jazz, played us some sides by Lu Watters's Yerba Buena Jazz Band and by Lu's alumni, Turk Murphy and Bob Scobey. At the time the mambo was just beginning its unnerving climb to popularity. The San Francisco jazz Jack played us was a direct, if spiritless, copy of the music being played in New Orleans before the upriver trek began. "If this is the new San Francisco jazz," said C., listening to those moo-cow trombones, creaky clarinets, and neo-Busseian cornets, "there ought to be a pronounced fake mambo swell in the Golden Gate section around 1975."

They seem to dig late, the San Franciscans, and when they finally do dig, they hail their work as a cultural renaissance (or at least Ralph J. Gleason, their spokesman, ordinarily a sound fellow, does). Consider the eccentric conduct of the poets Kenneth Rexroth and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Old Max Bodenheim, in Greenwich Village a quarter-century ago, recited his poems while a jazz trio played behind him, and nobody thought of calling him Balboa; he was a harmless old bore who needed quarters for drink. In San Francisco, the aging anarchist and the bookstore keeper howl stanzas of their own invention while The Cellar Jazz Band tries to make some musical sense behind them. The results of this bold but hardly reasonable experiment may be heard on Fantasy 7002. We at first thought the record was a joke, but after the second hearing we became convinced that all concerned were in dead earnest. Rexroth apparently has mislaid all those qualities that made him a poet of repute in his youth. On this record, he tells us sonorously that Henry Luce, Brooks Brothers, *Mademoiselle*, and in fact all the rest of us unmentionables who don't live in San Francisco killed Dylan Thomas. Behind him, the Cellar band tries to kill the listeners. Frankly, Kenny old boy, we didn't kill Dylan Thomas, and neither did those tailors. After trying very, very hard all his life, he killed himself. It is neither responsible nor thoughtful nor very nice to put the blame elsewhere. If you were Kerouac's age, Papa would spank. Instead, Papa says, "Oh, pipe down."

Lack of communication with the vital, stimulating Eastern seaboard cannot fully explain the queer commotion on the shores of the Bay. Neither can the strange weather, the effort of climbing those hills, nor the proximity of Henry Miller and the rest of the Big Sur nuts. Something has paralyzed their tastes and made them myopic; how else could they have sent us a Jean-whatever-her-name-was, the girl who appeared in New York with an electric piano for a brief period last fall? How else could they have trumpeted her greatness? She was not only not great, she was not even bad; she was embarrassing—but in San Francisco she was hailed as the greatest thing since the cable car. Gleason and his cohorts remind us of unemployed actors, to whom simple employment is tantamount to winning a Tony. The instant a Watters or a Murphy stands up in public and blows he is compared to Armstrong, Keppard, and even Buddy Bolden. The blowing never measures up to the noise, but never mind that; because it happens in San Francisco, it's got to be the work of a genius.

We can illustrate this testy thesis with a recent LP by Turk Murphy, the incomprehensibly-titled "Music for Losers" (Verve MGV 1013). Here are nine tunes from the early days of jazz and two Murphy originals that sound equally ancient (including "Duff Campbell's Revenge," which, C. can testify from bitter personal contact, is a penance to play, since it's in five flats). Reviving such old tunes as "Coal Cart Blues," "Yama Yama Man," "Cousin of Mine," etc. is commendable from the point of view of scholarship, but playing them in this stiff, ritualistic, sedate manner is like

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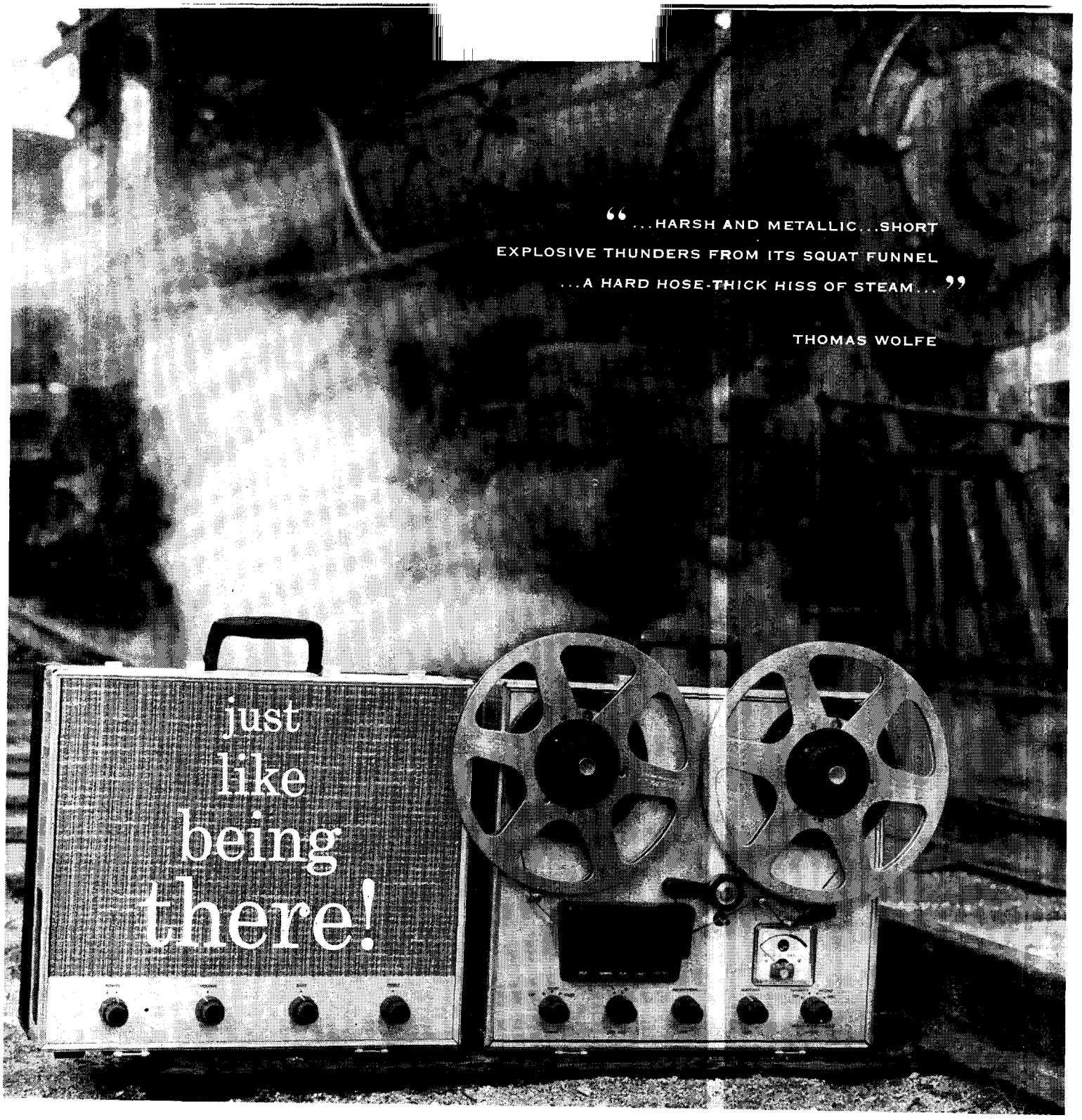
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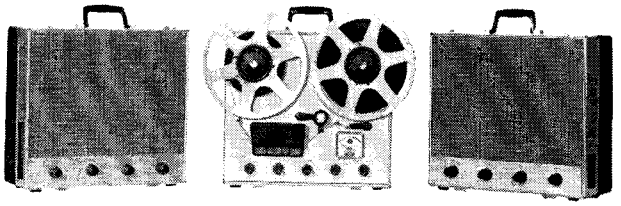

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going to a Mardi Gras dressed for Frank Campbell's. The rhythm might have been produced by machine; living humans would find it almost impossible to sound so mechanical. The solos are full of antiquated and familiar phrases. We submit that this LP is entirely typical of the San Francisco school, and entirely unworthy of the disproportionate acclaim given San Franciscans to anything San Franciscan.

We come now to the point of this bleat, which is that San Francisco is not the only city producing good jazz. There are good bands in nearly every city, working steadily without the benefit of a Rexroth. There is, for example, that group from The Cradle, The Dukes of Dixieland, commonly known as the Assunto Family Orchestra, which has been putting out what seems like tons of records. The two most recent releases by this New Orleans band are "On Bourbon Street" (Audio Fidelity AF LP 1860) and "Minstrel Time." What these boys lack in technique—and that's considerable—they make up for in old-time spirit. On "Alabamy Bound," for instance, they generate excitement. They're so loose it's hard to believe that, as they cheerfully admit, their numbers are carefully arranged; only the solos are improvised.

The trumpeter Al Hirt is another Crescent Citian who—in a place called Dan's Pier 600—has been unostentatiously developing a swinging, driving band. It may be heard on "Al Hirt's Jazz Band Ball" (Verve MGV-1012). Hirt has a style that sometimes skyrockets and sometimes grovels; and manages, most of the time, to do something new with tired old tunes. Bob Havens's trombone also stands out, especially on "Dixieland One Step." The band's change of pace, from powerful to pretty, is impressive.

Freddie Wacker's Windy City Seven, which plays for well-heeled hops around Chicago, is mainly a hobby for its drum-playing leader, who when not drumming and winning sports car races is an automotive parts manufacturer. It can be heard on Dolphin (the Doubleday Shops' label) No. 9, and while many of the numbers are overarranged, there are bright spots, such as Freddie's consistent drumming and Ralph Blank's piano on "Near North Blues."

Wacker first began playing jazz at Yale; undergraduates there still are interested in jazz, as they demonstrate on "Eli's Chosen Six" (Golden Crest 3039). This is the latest of the student bands, and sounds like it—but the boys have no-quit power and the good taste to refrain from doing "Saints" or "St. James."

AN EVEN younger group—in fact, a phenomenal one—is heard on "Dixie Small Fry in Hi-Fi" (Liberty LRP 3057). All the musicians are thirteen except the drummer. They were organized by Bill Hollingsworth, a mummer who ought to be given some sort of jazz award. The vocal on "Tiger Rag," with those baby voices sounding like choir boys', is worth the price of the side.

These are only a few of the local bands that have been recording of late. And there are others in various cities, bands that have not yet been discovered by the recording companies but ought to be. One such is Booker Coleman's, in Washington, D. C. Booker plays piano and leads his band in The Charles Hotel on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday every week. He has with him a trumpet man whose devotion to Bunny Berigan is pronounced but not limiting, and a great brawling, sweeping trombonist. It is a fine band, far better than any of the ones mentioned in this complaint. And if it were in San Francisco, they really would have something to shout about.

—RICHARD GEHMAN AND EDDIE CONDON.

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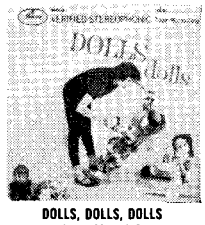

DOLLS, DOLLS, DOLLS
Jerry Murad & Harmonicats

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THE AMEN CORNER

From Mecca to Siam

A MAN in my calling may be seated in his study enjoying a Brandenburg Concerto when suddenly the postman will bring him a musical recording which is described as follows: "The Sounds of Yusef," with Yusef Lateef, tenor sax, flute, argol, and tambourine; Wilbur Harden, fluegelhorn and balloon; Hugh Lawson, piano, Turkish finger cymbals, Seven-Up bottle, balloon, and bells; Ernie Farrow, bass and rabat; and Oliver Jackson, drums, Chinese gong, and earth-board (Prestige 7122). Under these circumstances, an innocent householder might be pardoned for supposing that he was the victim of a practical joke, but it is a matter of only a few seconds for me to check my impression that this is a jazz band, directed by one of the several jazz men who have embraced the Moslem faith, and to discover that it is a very songful, warming jazz band indeed.

Before taking off on a number of North African tangents, Lateef takes the "A Train for Harlem." But throughout the disc, Lateef shows himself a lovely syncopated flutist, Harden is a superbly easy fluegelhornist (and what a pleasure this mellow cousin of the cornet can be), while from among the band's special sound effects I would select the witty ballooning of both Harden and Lawson in Lateef's "Love and Humor." Please note that Harden *lets the air out of* his balloon with wry eloquence, while Lawson *rubs* his inflated bladder to provide some very dry commentary on the matters referred to in the song title.

Some of the very best modern players have recently been heard to high advantage. Sonny Rollins, who strikes me as the strongest and most inventive of the postwar tenor saxes, appears in a recording of an actual session at New York's Village Vanguard (Blue Note BLP 1581). On this engagement Rollins used only himself, bassist Wilbur Ware, and drummer Elvin Jones, but the leader is so opulent with ideas and commanding in spirit that the little trio is all anyone could ask. Besides which, in Elvin Jones he has one of the most remarkable of all jazz drummers (including Joe Jones and Philly Joe Jones); the delicate concatenation which E. Jones keeps up in "Old Devil Moon" is masterly both in itself and as a contribution to the trio—this is no "hard-driving beat," this is rhythmic electricity.

I have followed the jazz recordings of the composer-bassist Charlie Mingus with constant respect, sometimes with distaste, sometimes with much admiration and pleasure. He is one of the most serious, scholarly, exploratory men in the field and has seemed —whether he feels it is so or not— to have ranged through several voices in the attempt to discover his own. In his new "East Coasting," however, he speaks the familiar, pervasively blue language of jazz with his own subtleties of line and harmonic richness. This is a golden jazz record (Bethlehem BCP 6019) in which the lyric spirit of the New Orleans tradition is expressed wholly naturally with latter-day musical sophistication. Mingus's arrangement of "Memories of You" is followed by five Mingus originals, and there is a good deal of choice improvisation, especially by trombonist Jimmy Knepper, who, as Mingus puts it, "is all *eras* on that instrument." The other side men, all given the chance to show their solo excellence, are Shafi Hadi, alto and tenor saxes; Clarence Shaw, trumpet; Dannie Richmond, drums; and Bill Evans, piano.

In Los Angeles, back in 1953, that outstanding young man on the alto saxophone, Lee Konitz, sat in for a recording session with the famous Gerry Mulligan Quartet, then consisting of Mulligan, baritone sax; Chet Baker, trumpet; Larry Bunker, drums; and either Carson Smith or Joe Mondragon, bass. Since Konitz is a daring and felicitous improviser, with a wicked eccentricity of phrasing and rhythm, and since the Mulligan group make a very sensitive polyphony with him, this is a major jazz disc (World Pacific PJM-406). Some of the sides, I think, have appeared before, but not this full program. The high talent and originality of the players are all the more evident because so many of their themes are familiar, such as "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me," "Almost Like Being in Love," "Lady Be Good," "These Foolish Things," and "All the Things You Are."

In the piano department this month I can suggest three items which, between them, cover a wide gamut of jazz tastes. In certain circles, I know, it is horridly bad form to admit to

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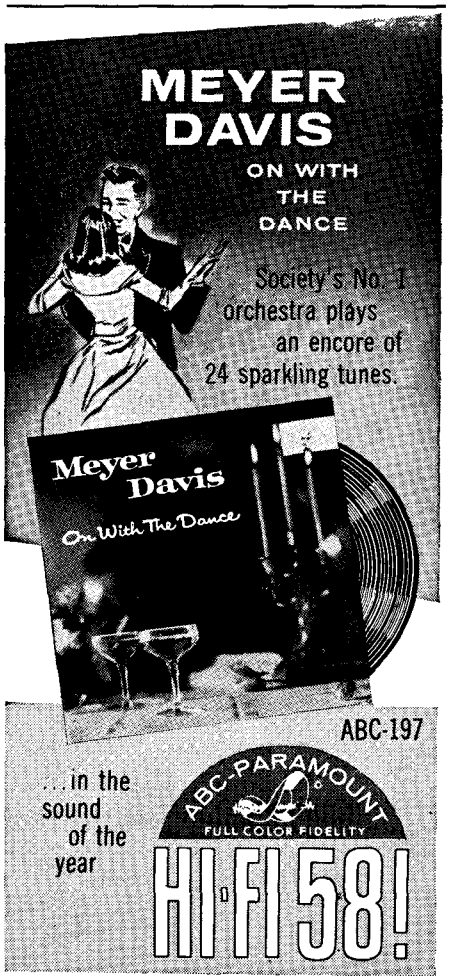

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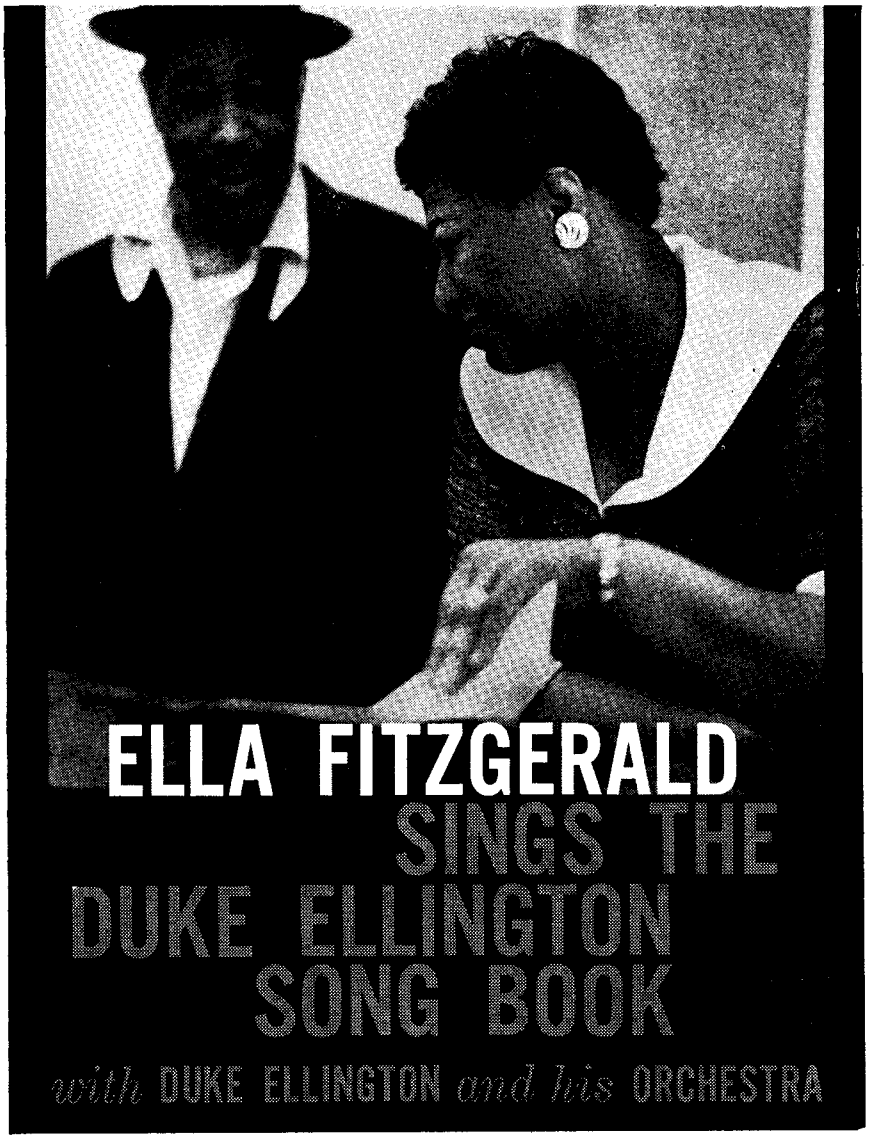

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I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart
In A Sentimental Mood
Don't Get Around Much Anymore
Prelude To A Kiss
side 2:
Mood Indigo
In A Mellow Tone
Love You Madly
Lush Life
Squatty Roo
side 3:
I'm Just A Lucky So And So
All Too Soon
Everything But You
I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good
Bli-Blip
Chelsea Bridge
side 4:
Portrait of Ella Fitzgerald
1st Movement: Royal Ancestry
2nd Movement: All Heart
3rd Movement: Beyond Category
4th Movement: Total Jazz
The E And D Blues
(E for Ella D for Duke)

VOLUME 2.....MG V-4009-2.....$9.96

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any such catholicity of response. After certain encounters with purists of one color or another, I have often felt black and blue, but I have been able to take some comfort from the situation once suggested by my friend John Chamberlain: "If those people last night could only hear what I thought up to say about them this morning . . ." At any rate, Mose Allison is a young pianist-composer-trumpeter-vocalist from Mississippi and he has been re-introducing a great deal of back country feeling into the jazz piano picture. He keeps the fine process up in "Local Color" with Addison Farmer, bass, and Nick Stabulas, drums (Prestige 7121). The particular delight here is to detect the way in which Allison's Mississippi feeling is projected through fastidious chordal shaping, with a fine economy of means; he may be a Mississippian, but he is anything but a musical yokel. Red Garland's gay, swinging trio, with Red's blithe single-finger confections and his dulcet, rhythmic chording, are to be found in another program, "Groovy," which includes an irresistible account of one of my favorite tunes, "What Can I Say Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry?" (Prestige LP 7113). The assistants, as usual, are Paul Chambers, bass, and Arthur Taylor, drums. The Garland trio is one of the happiest features of modern jazz.

AND one of the most elegant is the pianist André Previn, with Shelly Manne, drums, and Red Mitchell, bass. This is usually the point in my discourse at which some seething zealot in a lumberman's shirt, whose every third word is "funky" or "gas," arises to opine that Previn is a French sissy with patent leather shoes and no sense of swing. I am not abashed by such comments, nor by the bile which for some reason usually accompanies them, and I will recommend to anyone who cares for fragrant expositions of fine show music the Previn treatment of "Pal Joey" (Contemporary C 3543). The composer Richard Rodgers has never been more exquisitely served. Furthermore, his music for the Siamese fantasy "The King and I" is handled with highly appropriate, tintinnabulating nicety by a group called The Mastersounds (World Pacific PJM-405). This quartet consists of Buddy Montgomery, vibraphone; Richard Crabtree, piano; Benny Barth, drums; and Monk Montgomery, Fender electric bass. This last is an electronic device which is held like a guitar; it seems to permit of unusually fast bass execution; its sonorous effect is much like that of a string bass and is in no way jarring in the Siamese night.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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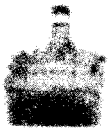

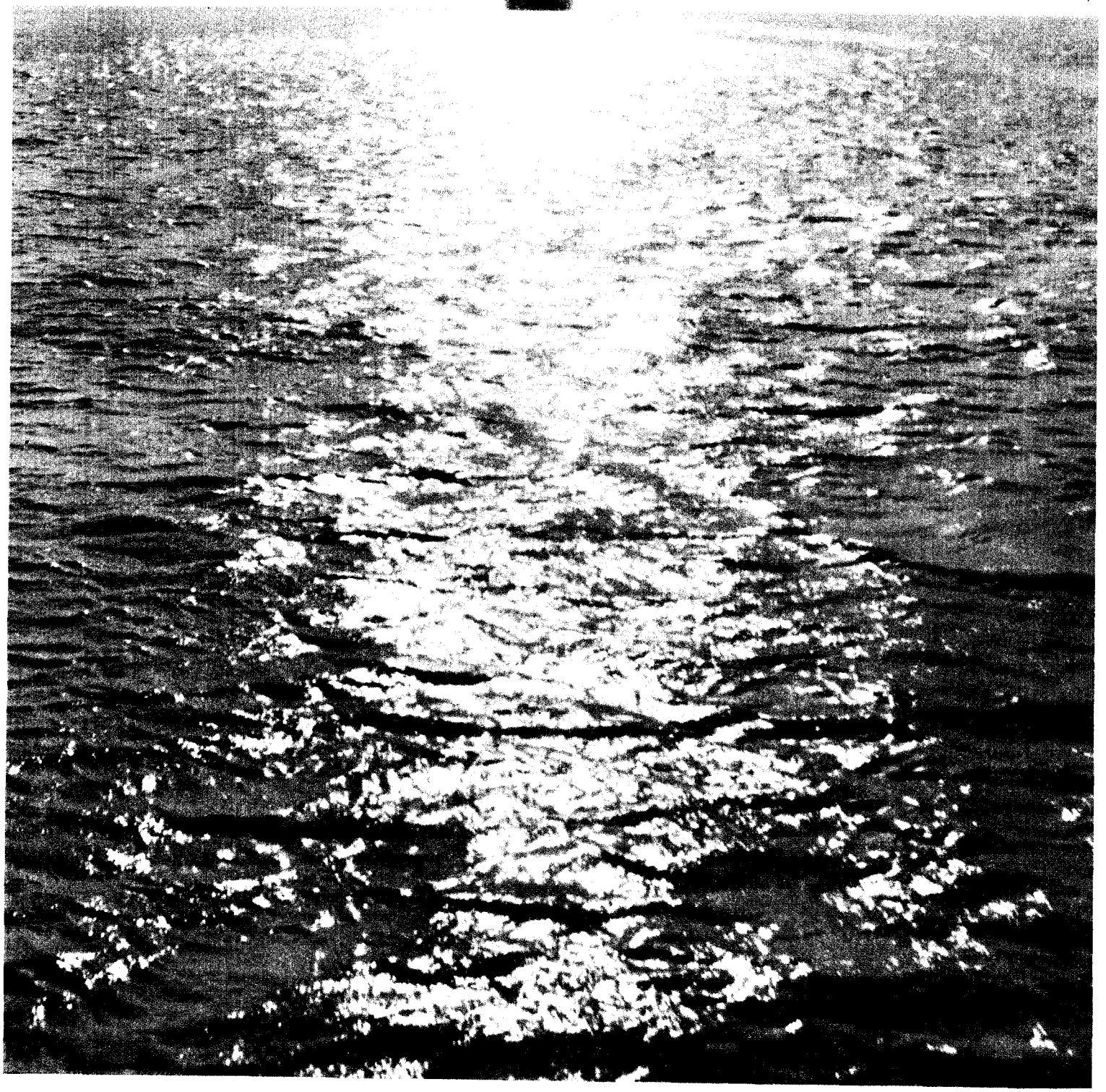

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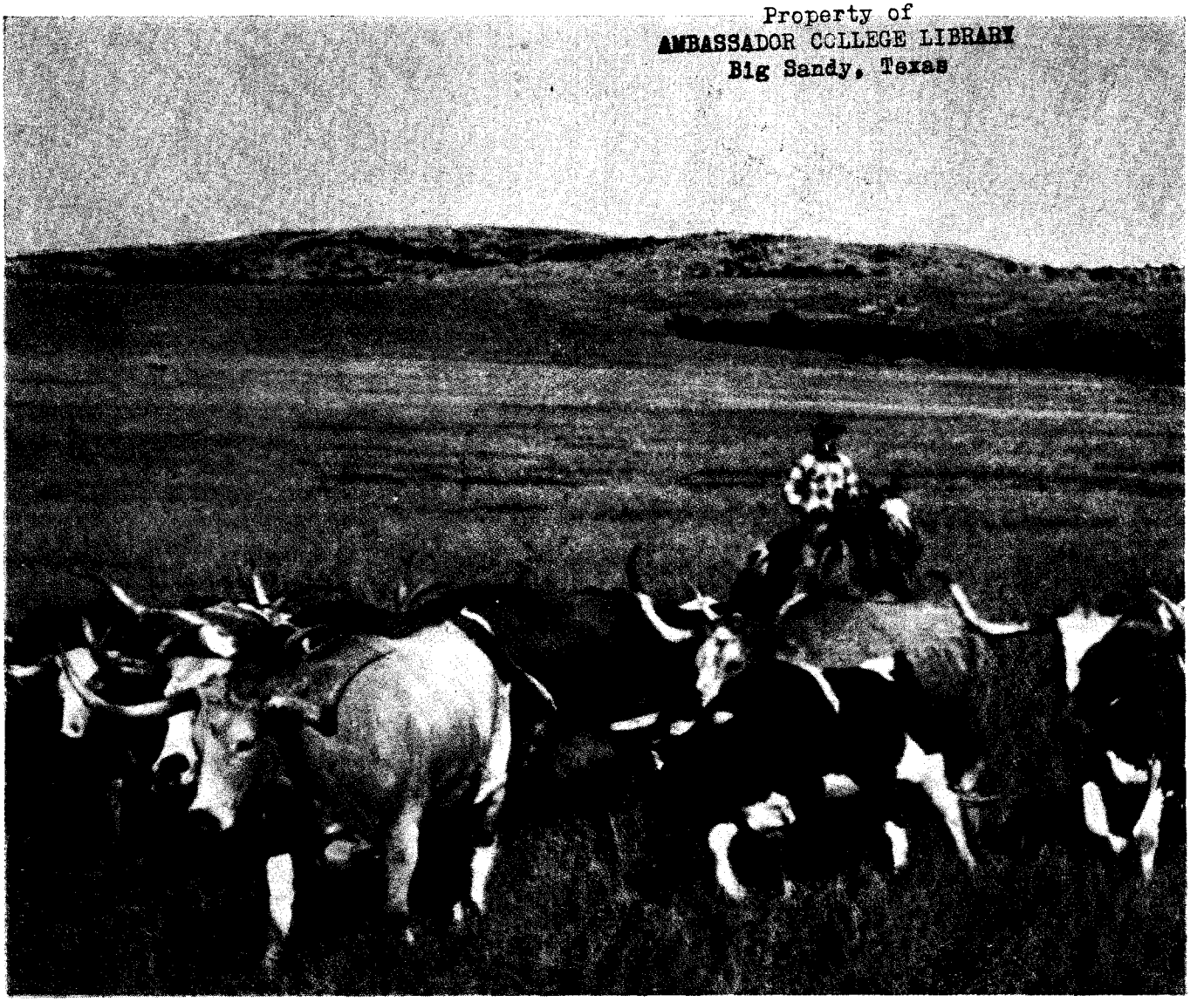

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